

# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

SEPTEMBER, 1862.

## THE FEMALE HOWARD—ELIZABETH FRY.

BY THE EDITOR.

IT is ever cheering to the Christian pilgrim to trace the successive steps of those who have gone before. In the study of the motives by which they were moved, the embarrassments and obstacles they encountered and overcame, and the elements of power by which they were enabled to achieve their Godlike mission, he draws fresh motives for well-doing, increased courage for endurance, and broader faith in the final results. Thus there will not fail to be found in the life of every devoted Christian something to instruct others and to exalt Christianity. Even where the sphere of labor has been peculiar or the talent evoked strongly marked the character becomes all the more interesting and instructive as a subject of study. With these remarks we introduce to our readers the character and labors of Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, "a minister of the Society of Friends"—one whose name will be held in remembrance so long as the noble traits of Christian heroism and love are honored among men. The keynote to all that was exalted in her character and noble in her life is given in one sentence—"My dear, I can say one thing, since my heart was touched at the age of seventeen, I believe, I never have awakened from sleep, in sickness or in health, by day or by night, without my first waking thought being how best I might serve my Lord." Noble testimony! and nobly was it illustrated in her life.

Elizabeth Fry was the third daughter of John Gurney, Esq., and was born May 21, 1780. Her mother was a lineal descendant of Robert Barclay, the celebrated "apologist" of the Quakers. She was a woman of uncommon intellectual parts, and watched over her children with un-

sparing assiduity. She was accustomed to read the Bible with them, and to teach them the necessity of prayer and personal piety. The formation of their habits, tastes, and general moral and religious character were with her matters of primary concern. The celebrated J. J. Gurney, a brother of Mrs. Fry, was one of the children whose character was formed under this maternal training. When Elizabeth was twelve years of age this noble Christian mother was called suddenly away. But the impression she had already made upon the minds of her children was so deep and lasting that it did not fail to mature into the most pleasing results.

Elizabeth was a mild, timid, and sensitive child, of delicate and precarious health. She was unusually reserved. Her poor health precluded the possibility of brilliant scholarship; yet she had an original and independent way of viewing things and a strong disposition to defend her views. It was thus she acquired the unenviable reputation of being "stupid and obstinate." Yet her natural affections were exceedingly strong, and her sad spirit drank in the tender instructions of a loving mother to nurture and vitalize them anew. So attached was she to her mother that she would never leave her side if she could avoid it. "I remember," she says, "with pleasure my mother's beds for wild flowers, which, with delight, I used as a child to attend to with her. It gave me that pleasure in observing their beauties and varieties that, though I have never had time to become a botanist, few can imagine. In my many journeys how have I been pleased and refreshed by observing and enjoying the wild flowers in my way! Again, she collected shells and had a cabinet. She bought one for Rachel and myself, where we placed our curiosities, and I may truly say, in the midst even of deep trouble, and often most weighty engagements of a religious and philanthropic nature, I have derived

advantage, refreshment, and pleasure from my taste for these things, making collections of them and various natural curiosities, though, as with the flowers, I have not studied them scientifically." Thus was Elizabeth early educated to love and study nature. The evil effects of a lack of early training in the education of books were by these means in a great measure obviated.

As Elizabeth advanced to womanhood enterprise and benevolence became the two predominant features in her character. Her natural timidity gave way to the higher inspiration of moral courage. Even the touch of self-will, which secured for her the reputation of being an obstinate child, became that "finely-tempered decision and firmness" which enabled her to execute her benevolent plans. Even her habit of falling back upon her mental resources developed a genius and an aptitude of parts which harmonized wonderfully with her life's great work.

February 4, 1798, opened a new era in her religious experience. With her six sisters she attended the ministry of William Savery, a Friend from this country, then on a religious visit to the Friends in England. Her sister, Richenda, thus describes the events of that day: "We, seven, sisters, sat as usual, in a row under the gallery. Betsey was rather restless at meeting; and on this day I remember her very smart boots were a great amusement to me. They were purple, laced with scarlet. At last William Savery began to preach. His voice and manner were arresting. We all liked the sound. Her attention became fixed. She became a good deal agitated, and at last I saw her begin to weep. As soon as meeting was over I have a remembrance of her making her way to the men's side, and, having found my father, begged him that she might dine with William Savery at the grove—uncle Joseph Gurney's—to which he consented. For a wonder we attended meeting again in the afternoon. On our return home Betsey sat in the middle, and astonished us all by the great feeling she showed. She wept most of the way home. The next morning William Savery came to breakfast, and preached to our dear sister after breakfast, prophesying of the high and important calling she would be led into. What she went through in her own mind I can not say, but the results were most powerful and most evident. From that day her love of pleasure and of the world seemed gone." In this experience of the things of God the germs of many spiritual struggles in previous years, young as she was, ripened into maturity.

We quote a single passage from her diary in September following this revelation. Our purpose is twofold. First, to give a little insight into the social gatherings of the truly-pious Friends at that time, and also to show the early dawning of the impression that she was to be a minister of Christ: "After tea we went to the Darbys, accompanied by my dear friend Richard Reynolds and still dearer [cousin] Priscilla Gurney. We had spent a pleasant evening, when my heart began to feel itself silenced before God, and without looking to others I found myself under the shadow of his wing, and I soon discovered that the rest were in the same state. After sitting a time in awful silence Rebecca Young spoke most beautifully; she touched my heart, and I felt melted and bowed before my Creator. Deborah Darby then spoke. What she said was excellent. She addressed part of it to me. I only fear she says too much of what I am to be. A light to the blind, speech to the dumb, and feet to the lame—can it be? She seems as if she thought I was to be a minister of Christ. Can I ever be one? If I am obedient I believe I shall."

In the vicinity of Earlham, her father's residence, were many poor, afflicted, and ignorant families. She now displayed the peculiar bent of her character in efforts for their relief, visiting them to speak words of comfort and to minister to their wants. She also established a school, superintending it in person, and which soon numbered nearly a hundred scholars.

On the 19th of August, 1800, she was united in marriage to Joseph Fry, then engaged with his brother in an extensive commercial business in London. Like her own family that of Mr. Fry was of an old Quaker stock. Yet, though residing in the very whirl of splendor and fashion, it had retained more of the puritanic simplicity and strictness of the sect than her own. This marriage removed her to London, and opened before her a wide field of usefulness, but at the same time exposed her to severe and perilous temptations. In entering upon the former and resisting the latter she exhibited the true strength of her character. Mr. Fry was in every respect a noble man. He was of kindred spirit with his wife, and encouraged her benevolent labors.

In the latter part of 1809, after the death of her excellent father, Mrs. Fry was deeply exercised in spirit, and pressed still more to the public exercise of her gifts in the name of the Lord Jesus. With trembling she took up the cross, and her word was one of power to the hearts of the people. She was soon recognized by the Society of Friends as a minister among

them. Mrs. Fry was one of those rare women who combine with a natural courtliness great simplicity of manner together with a certain depth of sympathy and spirituality of expression. This at once attracted the people toward her and gave her unwonted power over them.

The care of a large family, with all its anxieties and labors, was upon her. She was the mother of eleven children. Though surrounded with all the appliances of wealth, she never excused herself from personal attention to her children. She attended to their minutest ailments, and watched over them by night and by day. Her power over children was very great. She would win their hearts even if they had never seen her before, almost at the first glance and at the sound of her musical voice. Yet her biographer records of her that after all she was "too indulgent as a mother," and intimates that her children did not wholly escape from the bad effects of this indulgence.

The varied religious exercises of Mrs. Fry are narrated in her journal with great simplicity and faithfulness. The little perplexities she experienced, the crosses above which she rose or beneath which she sunk, the dark hours of the Spirit's withdrawal and the light and joyful hours of his presence, the various questionings of her mind with regard to her calling to the ministry, are very similar to those of every deeply-experienced Christian. At any rate enough like the common experiences of Christian life to show a common kindredship, but at the same time so far surpassing them as to be peculiar, suggestive, and instructing.

As early as 1813 Mrs. Fry began to coöperate with her two brothers-in-law, Samuel Hoare, Esq., and the late Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, in their efforts to improve the moral and sanitary condition of the prisons, and especially to reform juvenile delinquents. These labors, interrupted for a time by family and other cares, were recommenced about Christmas, 1816. The condition of the females in Newgate at this time was deplorable in the extreme. Ignorant, brutalized, squalid in dress, ferocious in countenance, they were herded together like wild beasts. Their conduct and language were obscene and revolting to the last degree. Some of them were yet young women—the sad, appalling wrecks of youth and beauty. Many of them were mothers, and, sad to tell, their children were along with them—breathing the putrid air and witnessing all these loathsome and demoralizing scenes. Such were the prisons of England, even at so late a day as 1816. One hundred and seven thousand persons were committed in a single year. In one hundred

jails, capable of containing only 8,546 prisoners, they found 13,057 confined. In many instances the males and females were crowded together promiscuously, without work, in the deepest destitution and want, and without restraint. These prisons were aptly described as "hells upon earth." The teachings and the spirit of Howard had seemingly both become extinct.

Mrs. Fry, by the majesty of her person, awed them into respect; by the force of her intellect she controlled them, and by the depth and strength of her sympathy subdued them. On her second visit, after she had fully committed herself to the work of reforming the inmates and the management of these prisons, she requested to be left alone several hours with them. She read to them the parable of the Lord of the vineyard—Matthew xx. She then followed with an account of Christ's mission to save sinners, and closed with showing his willingness to save, and that even at the eleventh hour the sinner might come to him. Her word was with power. The most hardened were arrested; the most degraded were inspired with hope.

At her next meeting she opened a school in one of the cells of Newgate. It was at first designed for the instruction of the children confined there with their wretched and abandoned mothers. But the women themselves crowded into the room, and upon their dark minds the light of her instruction fell like rays from heaven. She bade the convicts to select from among themselves a schoolmistress. A young woman, Mary Connor, who had been committed for stealing a watch, was chosen and duly installed in her work. This young lady, under the benign, *lifting-up* influence of Mrs. Fry, entered upon her work with zeal and earnestness. She proved eminently competent, and became one of the first-fruits of Christian labor in the prison. About fifteen months after she received a free pardon, and subsequently lived and died in the Lord.

The sheriffs of London and the officers of Newgate gave their earnest approval to these Christian efforts. In the month of April, 1817, was formed "An Association for the Improvement of the Female Prisoners in Newgate." It comprised twelve members. This was the rill which was to become a river.

Two objects were sought—nurture and employment. The results were so manifest that disbelief was disarmed and skepticism banished. The labors of these Christian women received the approval of the city authorities and attracted the attention of the nation. Ministers, philanthropists, and statesmen came from dis-

tant places to witness the change. Each obtained new ideas about the possibility of *reforming* Newgate criminals. The final result was the radical modification of the British criminal code. The most degraded and the most criminal were invested with a new element. They were regarded not merely as subjects of punishment, but candidates for reformation. Mrs. Fry's system required solitude at night, complete classification of individuals, compulsory occupation, unceasing superintendence, regular instruction, and religious influence. To obtain these advantages, larger prisons, better lighted, more thoroughly ventilated, and with rooms suitable for instruction and work were needed. Three years of labor and success completely demonstrated how much could be accomplished upon her plan of operations, even under the most discouraging circumstances.

At this time large numbers of the Newgate female convicts were transported to New South Wales. It was their practice to have a regular riot previous to their departure, breaking windows, furniture, and whatever else came within their reach. They were generally carried in open wagons to the water-side, shouting and acting like very bedlams on the way. All this was now changed. Those who were condemned to transportation went in an orderly manner. They were supplied with Bibles and books for reading, and also with knitting and sewing with which to occupy themselves on the voyage. Provision was made for their comfort, supervision, and instruction. Then, too, the proceeds of their industry secured them against immediate want on their arrival, or provided for them till they obtained situations or homes. The leave-taking of the first company of one hundred and twenty-eight sent out under these arrangements is thus described: Mrs. Fry stood at the door of the cabin, attended by her friends and the captain; the women on the quarter deck stood facing them. The sailors, anxious to see what was going on, clambered into the rigging, upon the capstan, or mingled in the outskirts of the group. The silence was profound. Mrs. Fry opened her Bible, and in a clear, audible voice read a portion from it. The crews of the other vessels in the tier, attracted by the novelty of the scene, leaned over the ships on either side, and listened apparently with great attention. She closed the Bible, and after a short pause knelt down upon the deck and implored a blessing upon this Christian charity from that God who, though one may sow and another till, can alone give the increase. Many of the women wept bitterly. They felt that they would see the

face of their benefactress no more, and as she departed they followed her with their eyes and their blessings. Numerous letters from these poor convicts from the far, far-off land, give assurances that these labors were not lost.

To give suitable response to pressing demands made upon her, Mrs. Fry undertook a journey to the more populous districts of England to lay her plans of labor and the results that had accrued from them before the people. These labors resulted in a still more extensive awakening of interest in prison reform. In fact, ladies' associations for coöperation in this great work were formed in most of the principal towns of England, Scotland, and Ireland. The fame of these benevolent movements extended beyond the limits of Britain, and associations of a kindred character were formed in Petersburg and in other places on the continent.

Mrs. Fry's labors often exposed her to severe trials, and on one or two occasions to real dangers. Nor was her life all sunshine. Amid the financial troubles of 1828 her husband suffered severely. The failure of a business house of which he was a partner, though not the one which he conducted in person, involved him in great losses, drawing after them perplexities and sorrows which tinged all the remaining years of their lives. Beneath this blow nature staggered, but the recoil of faith was triumphant. Why is it that eminent Christians are so often called to suffer affliction? Is it not the friction by which the precious diamond is polished for its nobler uses? "Plasht," with its expanse of verdure and its grand old mansion, was sorrowfully yet submissively given up, and arrangements made for a temporary home in narrower limits.

For a time she found it necessary to seclude herself from her accustomed public labors. Letters of sympathy poured in upon her from every quarter. Nor was it long before we find her once more pressed into the field of active labor. Though her personal means were more restricted, yet was she, by the marriage and settlement of her children, left more free to journey and labor. She repeatedly visited the continent. The king and queen of Prussia honored her with their friendship and concurrence in her labors. She also received distinguished consideration from the courts of France and Denmark. Queen Victoria, at the beginning of her reign, honored herself by becoming the patron and friend of these noble efforts in the cause of humanity and religion.

Her health began to fail early in 1843, and she was called to endure much suffering; but in all her mind was singularly collected, calm,



and reliant upon the blood of atonement. To her much-loved son, William, she said, "My life has been a remarkable one; much have I had to go through, more than mortal knows or ever can know. My sorrows at times have been bitter, but my consolations sweet. In my lowest estates, through grace my love to my Master has never failed. This illness may be unto death, or it may not, according to his will. But he will never forsake me, even should he be pleased to take me this night." On another occasion she exclaimed, "I am of the same mind as Paul; I can say, 'to me to live is Christ, but to die is gain.'"

At this time her family afflictions seemed to multiply. Among the number tenderly allied to her who were stricken down by death were her brother-in-law and early coadjutor, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton. But above all the sudden death of her son William, to whom she was most tenderly allied in sympathy and love, was the most afflictive. Still her faith triumphed. She could no longer pursue her accustomed rounds of benevolence. That work had been committed to other hands. Yet her labors did not cease. Even when she had become too infirm to walk or even to stand alone she was accustomed to be taken on her wheeled chair into the Quaker meeting, where "her ministry was often very beautiful, not at all partaking of the sort of infirmity which clouded all earthly matters."

She had now one earthly desire resting upon her mind. It was to visit Norfolk and spend some time at Earlham. The journey was accomplished with great difficulty, her husband and one of her daughters accompanying her, and taking care of her by the way. Here the friends of her childhood, high and low, who yet remained, crowded to see her. She was taken to the old church, and there, seated in her chair, ministered with extraordinary life and power. What a wonderful history hers had been since the time she sat and wept under the ministry of William Savery! Her ardent aspirations had been strangely granted; she had passed a long life of blessing to others, but by a path of singular sorrow to herself. She had been eyes to the blind and feet to the lame; when the ear heard her then it blessed her. She had trodden royal halls to plead for the afflicted and destitute; she had not withheld unpalatable truth when the language of punishment was called for at her lips. She had penetrated, nothing daunted, the gloom of the felon's dungeon; nor had she shrunk from the touch of the unclothed maniac. She had nourished and brought up children, and they had risen up and called

her blessed. And now, helpless and suffering in body, enfeebled in memory, all that could be shaken tottering to its base, she came again to take a last look at the home and haunts of her childhood.

After her return home her health continued to decline. Yet she was ever cheerful, ever hopeful. Her zeal for those works of benevolence and reform, to which she had devoted her life, was unabated. Physical inability only restrained her Christian activity. Her death occurred on the 13th of October, 1845. It produced a profound sensation, and was everywhere regarded as a public calamity. Her burial, after the simple form of the Quakers, occurred on the 20th, attended by an immense concourse, all feeling that they had *lost a friend*. The memorial of virtue is immortal.

"When the fleet vanities of life's brief day  
Oblivion's hurrying wing shall sweep away,  
Each act by charity and mercy done,  
High o'er the wrecks of time, shall live alone,  
Immortal as the heavens, and beauteous bloom  
In other worlds and realms beyond the tomb."

### YE ARE GONE.

BY NANNIE CLARK CUNNINGHAM.

Ye are gone! ye are gone! but ye come to me  
With the somber shades of even,  
And in soft, angel accents ye tell to me  
Sweet tales of yon glory-bright heaven;

Ye bear to me on your seraph wings  
From heaven's unfading bowers  
Sweet fragrance-fraught breezes too pure for earth,  
Breathed forth from perennial flowers.

Ye are gone! ye are gone! but ye come to me  
With memories pure and sweet  
That steal o'er my heart, and the forms I love  
In spirit again I greet.

Ye throw round my heart a halo of light  
Like to the pure light above,  
And softly falls on my listening ear  
Your sweet spirit song of love.

Ye are gone! ye are gone! but I know ye will come  
When my heart beats slowly in death;  
Ye 'll hover near and watch o'er my couch  
As I yield my parting breath;  
And ye 'll sing to me of the "better land"  
Where the hours move on in love,  
Then softly and gently ye 'll bear me up  
To your own bright home above.

Then no more shall I say, Ye are gone! ye are gone!  
For together we 'll cull the bright flowers  
That bloom on the banks of life's glorious stream,  
Or wander 'mid glory-wreathed bowers,  
Or quaff the pure nectar of bliss from founts  
Over which there are golden harps hung,  
And when kissed by the breezes they send forth a lay  
As sweet as the angels e'er sung.

## VOICES FROM NATURE.

## FIRST GLIMMER OF LIFE—PROGRAMME OF CREATION.

BY PROF. ALEXANDER WINCHELL.

## V.

THE spirits have come forth. The life-giving *afflatus* has been breathed into multitudes of organic forms which now teem in the PROTOZOIC SEA.

The long period of lifelessness—the AZOIC PERIOD—it will be remembered, was brought to a close by the upheaval of a long ridge of land, extending from the coast of Labrador to the northern side of the great lakes, and thence north-west, toward the Arctic Sea. Corresponding upheavals took place on other continents, but we shall confine our attention to North America. This germinal ridge consists of an axis or nucleus of granitic material, and on each side of a series of gneissoid and other azoic strata, sloping like the roof of a house, from the central and highest part. We know that this upheaval took place *after* the deposition of the azoic strata, because those strata could not have been deposited in their present tilted position. We know that it took place *before* the deposition of the next series of strata, because these strata were not tilted by the upheaval, but continue to present their horizontal edges against the inclined faces of the azoic beds. Thus the precise relative period of this upheaval is fixed.

Consider the geography of the North American continent at this date. An angular ridge of land is all that then existed. The Rocky Mountains and the Alleghanies were not yet born from the deep. Where were the United States? Where the broad valley of the Mississippi, and the wide-extended plains of the far West? Beneath the wave, and receiving the sediments of the same sea which rolled over the future sites of Babylon, and Tyre, and Athens, and the seven hills of the "Eternal City." The generations of men yet slumbered in the chambers of futurity. The order of Providence had assigned them their position in the grand procession of life which was now beginning to move, but a long succession of strange and *outré* forms must first pass before our view.

The van of this procession was led by some of the lowest and simplest of God's creatures. Soil there was none, and hence no terrestrial plant could find a root-hold. Moreover, the atmosphere was laden with a great excess of carbonic acid, and perhaps other impurities, so that neither plant nor animal would find it a vitalizing element. Nevertheless, the time had ar-

rived when the condition of the waters was such as to sustain the lives of some of the simplest of organic forms. Theoretically, one would suppose that plants must have had an existence for a considerable time anterior to the appearance of animals. The belief has been ventured that vegetation may have flourished during some portion of the Azoic period, but the actual records of the rocks do not permit us to carry the history of the vegetable kingdom any further back than that of the animal kingdom. Animals subsist upon vegetables or other animals which are themselves vegetable feeders. Plants only elaborate the inorganic constituents of the earth, air and water—to say nothing of the mutual dependency of the two kingdoms through their action upon the atmosphere. It would seem, therefore, that animals could not have existed before plants—although plants, by feeding upon the excess of carbonic acid in the atmosphere, might have existed a long time before animals made their appearance.

Adhering closely, however, to the observed facts of geology, we have to state that plants and animals made their advent upon the earth simultaneously, in the LOWER SILURIAN PERIOD—an age which has also been designated the Cambrian, the Taconic, the Huronian, and the Primordial period, though in the present papers we shall consider the Silurian as reaching down to the lowest zone of animal life. On this continent, and probably on all others where the rocks of this period have been brought to light, the evidences are, that the waters in which these primitive existences flourished were comparatively shallow. Not far from the lowest horizon of the primeval cemeteries which hold the dust of the first denizens of our planet, is found every-where reposing upon the upturned edges of the azoic rocks a sandstone, sometimes whitish or grayish, but often of a dull-red color, and sometimes slaty. Now, we know that in the waters of the present day sands are accumulated only in comparatively-turbulent and shallow regions. In calmer and deeper waters, the sediments are necessarily finer, as only the finest particles can be transported by the slowest-moving currents. Moreover, many a layer of this ancient sandstone when uncovered to the light, presents us with veritable ripple marks—such as the waves are making to-day in the fine sand of the shallow water near the beach—sand-ripples which have been preserved unmarred for millions of years, and unite with other proofs that the bottom of the Protozoic Sea was not beneath the reach of the agitations of its surface. This interesting sandstone was first attentively studied at Potsdam, and Kees-

ville, in Northern New York; and the geologists of the Natural History Survey of that State named it, accordingly, the "*Potsdam sandstone*." It was burst through at some subsequent period, by some of the granitic rocks now constituting the region of the Adirondac Mountains. It extends southward into Pennsylvania, where at a still later period it was upheaved by the convulsion which brought the Alleghanies to light. Still further south, in Virginia, Tennessee, and Alabama, this ancient sea-bottom has been brought up at intervals along the dislocations of the Apalachian range; while on the west of the Mississippi, it comes up again in the highlands of Texas and Arkansas, in Eastern Missouri, and the North-Western States. From Northern New York it tends down the valley of the St. Lawrence, and in the opposite direction crosses over to the northern shore of Lake Huron, forms the falls at Sault St. Mary, and stretches along the south shore of Lake Superior into Wisconsin and Minnesota, whence its main outcrop sets out for the region of Behring's Straits.

What of the beings that first of all enjoyed the throb of life in those ancient waters? The New York geologists acquainted us with but two distinct creatures, which they named *Lingula prima*, and *Lingula antiqua*—two little bivalve shells belonging at the bottom of the class Brachiopoda, which is low among mollusca. As destitute of the senses as an oyster, they were equally incapable of locomotion—being anchored to the bottom by a fleshy stem or peduncle, which issued through the hinder part of the shell—and had an internal organization which was even more rudimentary than that of the "bivalve," which has become the type of stupidity. The same little shells have been observed at nearly every exposure of this formation in the United States; and though two or three species completed in many regions the entire list of mollusca of the Potsdam period, the multiplication of individuals was so incredible, that entire strata are sometimes made up of their remains. Down the St. Lawrence, in the vicinity of Montreal, the Canadian geologists have opened the catacombs of this twilight period of animal existence, and brought to the light of day the remains of a varied population. Here, as in the Potsdam sandstone of Wisconsin and Minnesota, and many other parts of the world, are found some curious and interesting forms, known as *trilobites*. These beings are much higher in rank than the *lingula*, or any other brachiopods. Varying in size from a pea to a foot or more in length, they had the jointed external shell of a lobster, with large compound eyes set in the sides of the head,

studded with multiple lenses, which gave them the appearance of the similar eyes of the domestic fly, when seen under a microscope. So perfectly are their eyes sometimes preserved that we can still count the number of lenses which they contained. These animals were trilobed in two respects. Longitudinally, the oval form was divided into head, body, and tail; while in the other direction a couple of lengthwise grooves divided the animal into middle, right, and left lobes or regions. No where in America have been found any undoubted remains of corals or other radiated animals in the rocks of this age; though Mr. Billings, the eminent palæontologist of Canada, has lately discovered some fossils which belong either to corals or sponges. In Wales, however, are found some graceful and singular forms which seem related to the humblest types of coralline existence. In those little creatures, frail almost as gossamer, but protected by the care of Nature through all the measureless periods of animal history, we have presented to us at once the most humble and most ancient of the forms which the Creator has endowed with life and sensibility.

Many extensive regions of the Potsdam sandstone have been explored without finding any trace of organic existence. On the south shore of Lake Superior we find nothing but the imprints of soft sea-weed—things like films of jelly, which have left their impress upon the coarse rock, and have transmitted to us a knowledge of their existence and nature, while the traces of an army's march are obliterated by the vicissitudes of a single season. Here the sandstone has been injected by streams of fiery rock, which have reduced the copper ores through which they passed and brought the native metal into the surface stratum in quantities which are enriching the nation.

The reader will observe that this primal sandstone has been traced all around the circuit of the central United States. There is no doubt that it underlies all the region embraced within the circuit of its outcrop. Indeed, at Columbus, in Ohio, and apparently at St. Louis, in Missouri, and Louisville, in Kentucky, artesian borings have probed the crust 2,000 feet and more, and found this sandstone in its proper place. As the same rock has been upheaved at intervals along the whole distance to the Rocky Mountains, geologists have come to the conclusion that the entire area of the northern United States and Territories was the bed of a comparatively-shallow sea.

Observe now what flows from this conclusion. How came the central area of the North Amer-

ican continent a basin of shallow water? We can only infer that at this early period the Alleghanies on the east, and the Rocky Mountains on the west, had already begun to be lifted above the general floor of the ocean. The United States were an immense continental lagoon—a submarine plateau, such as now exists in the north Atlantic, upon which the telegraphic cable was laid. The outline of the continent was marked out then, while yet in embryo. The foundation of the Alleghanies was laid ages before the superstructure rose above the waves, and exposed to the light of day the predestined trend of the Atlantic coast of our country. But we trace the development of this idea back to a still remoter period. Note the trends of the primeval ridge which still lies thrusting its angle down into the northern notch of the "great lakes." "North-east and north-west" was the language of that early-uttered decree, which foretold the shape of the continent which was to become "the land of the free and the home of the brave." That primal ridge was its earliest germ. Successive annexations to this germinal continent have been uniformly toward the south-east and south-west. This primitive ridge was not alone an early prophecy of the trends of our present coast lines. In its upper angle lies Hudson's Bay, whose place was designated as soon as it became the bottom of a submarine valley. The southern slope of the ridge became the water-shed which was to supply the great lakes and the St. Lawrence. The St. Lawrence finds its outlet to the ocean in a valley parallel with the ancient ridge. The peculiar notch from Georgian Bay to the head of Lake Erie, and thence to the Niagara River, is conformed to the salient angle of the same ridge. The "great lakes" themselves are but links in a vast chain of lakes, extending to the Northern Ocean, accumulated in a valley formed by the embrace of the western branch of the continental nucleus. The Mississippi pursues its course along the bottom of the depression between the Appalachian and Rocky Mountain ridges, which are but duplicates of the primal ridges. Innumerable topographical and hydrographical features of our continent have taken their point of departure from this initial and germinal area. And finally, the trend and conformation of our eastern coast are what has turned our "Gulf Stream" to the northern shores of Europe, to mitigate the climate of a little inhospitable island in the latitude of Labrador, and nurture its people to become the "guardians of civilization."

It is wonderful to behold one of nature's great plots worked out with such undeviating

unity of purpose. Though incalculable ages have elapsed since the nucleus of the American continent was lifted above the waves, we find the announcement then made to have been faithfully prosecuted to the end. What convincing proofs of the unity of the Creative Intelligence! The plastic rocks have always been molded by the hands of the same all-providing Artificer. How it exalts our apprehensions of his infinite attributes, to behold him bringing into existence a series of secondary causes, so simple in themselves, but working out a succession of results so complex in their details, and presenting a history stamped with such uniformity of plan, such harmony of parts, and such wisdom of design! But these are only his doings in the material world. When we contemplate the manifestation of his attributes presented to us by animated nature, every one imbued with the spirit and love of truth is compelled with the poet to exclaim,

"An undevout philosopher is mad."

#### VI.

Who has not been amazed at the endless variety of animal forms existing upon the earth? There seems to be no conceivable conformation, no possible situation, no circumstances of element, climate, food, or condition, that have not been made the fitting and essential conditions of some type of conscious existence. One animal dwells on the land, another in the soil, a third in the air, a fourth in salt water, a fifth in fresh. One burrows in a log, another in a rock, a third in the mud, a fourth in the flesh, or brain, or liver, or even the eyes of another animal. Ponderous quadrupeds move through the jungle, wily serpents glide among the reeds, the centipede crouches under a stone, the minnow darts beneath the sedgy bank, and the lazy oyster sleeps in the mud at the bottom of the bay. We place beneath the microscope a specimen of the mud in which the oyster spends his drowsy life, or even a sample of the water in which the familiar frog delights, and lo, another world is revealed to our vision—vegetation and animal life in forms as original and varied as all that the unassisted eye has seen in the greater world.

Nor is this all. Every one has read of forms long since extinct—of strange and monstrous forms that sported upon the earth before the empires of the brute creation had been subjugated by the intellect of man. A stone mason of Cromarty has introduced to the world the *Asterolepis* of Stromness, and the *Cephalaspis* and *Pterichthys* of the "old red sandstone"—fishes which the most learned had at one time



almost decided to throw into the company of turtles. Mantell has amazed us with stories of the *Iguanodon*—an immense lizard, *sixty feet* in length, which crawled over the slime of the earliest part of the chalk period. These all were forms of the middle ages of the world's history. As we run back through the æons preceding, we tread upon the graves of myriads of beings which in their day swarmed in the depths of the sea, but whose lineage and likeness are now known only in history. We push back through the dim dawn of being, and stand upon the sandy shore of that uneasy sea in which creative Power first essayed to mold the plastic clay into animal forms, and plant in them ethereal fire. How reverently do we turn up the cleaving-stone, and gaze upon a little coral, a *lingula*, or a *trilobite*, and think that these were the forms which God first exerted his skill upon, and placed first in possession of our round and verdant planet! And how different those beings from all we know upon the earth to-day! What an infinite range of aptitudes between that humble *lingula*, and the majestic mien of man! Such is the exhaustless fertility of God's conception.

We place ourselves then upon the threshold of animal existence, and inquire what course creative Power will pursue. Shall we witness a series of experiments for the slow perfection of a plan—models and methods tried and abandoned—detached essays having no intelligent connection with an ultimate or central scheme? With a finite intelligence, such experiments would have been unavoidable; but nature has served no apprenticeships—the end has been contemplated from the beginning.

There are two things which strike the attention of every one who studies the history of the ancient populations of our globe. First, their forms and features, their habits, and the details of their living are often in wide contrast with any thing we behold at the present day. Secondly, while so peculiar in their *details*, their fundamental features are *identical* with those of existing animals—so that we call them by the same generic titles—corals, shells, crustaceans. And if we scan the long line of being, from the Potsdam period to the present, we shall find nothing which may not be embraced under the general designations which we apply to existing animals.

Now, which of these two features of the fossil world is most instructive? Their wild and extravagant forms astonish us, and attract the curiosity of the marvel-loving public. Their identity of fundamental plan impresses us with awe and reverence, and breathes the thoughts

of a world-embracing scope of intelligence. The first converts the animal creation into a vast menagerie, for the curious to wonder at—the latter shows it to be a lesson of wisdom, traced by the finger of the Omniscient himself.

Let us now see what is the nature of this identity of plan which runs through all existence and all time. It is a wonderful fact in nature. From the epoch of the Potsdam trilobites, through all the dreary ages of the earth's preparation for man, no less than throughout the range of countless forms which populate our globe to-day, four fundamental plans of animal structure, like the seven fundamental intervals of the gamut, have furnished the endless variations and combinations which daily greet our senses with never-ceasing novelty and delight. The characteristics of these four fundamental plans may be learned from any elementary work on zoölogy, and we content ourselves with directing attention to the magnificent generalization. All animals are either *vertebrated*—possessed of a backbone—*articulated*, with an external horny crust, composed of rings, like insects, lobsters, and worms; *molluscous*, with soft bodies like slugs, very often covered by a shell, like snails and oysters, or *radiated*, with bodies composed of parts, which are symmetrically arranged on all sides with reference to the center, like the star-fish and corals. We have named the most striking character which distinguishes each of these great branches of the animal kingdom. All the other parts conform to these; indeed, the basis of each peculiar plan is laid in the nervous system, at a very early period of embryonic development, and the hard parts—the bones and external crust—are molded to this, so that, though the real basis of these distinctions is hidden from view, the external form and proportions become almost always an infallible exponent of the fundamental plan.

Three of these fundamental plans were called into requisition in the constitution of the very first population of our globe. The coral was a radiate, the *lingula* was a mollusc, the trilobite was an articulate. The fourth plan was drawn upon before the close of the first great period of the world's history, and was first realized in the form of a fish.

In the very first chapter of the book of nature, then, we read the announcement of a programme which is still in process of execution. The type of the primeval coral has sprouted into the sea anemone, the sea nettle, and the star-fish. The type of the *lingula* has been degraded into the bryozoan and nummulate, and expanded into the clam, the snail, and the cuttle-fish. The type of the trilobite has varied

into the worm below, and the insect above; while the vertebrate type, beginning with the fish, has developed into the reptile, the bird, the quadruped, and man. We restrain our pen from any further comments in this connection at this time, and close the present paper with the enunciation of a few further grand principles, drawn from the patient study of our petrified predecessors in the occupancy of the earth.

Each of the above-named branches of the animal kingdom is found divisible into three or more classes, and each class into two or more orders. Now, while each branch is characterized by the nature of the *fundamental plan* of the animals which it comprises, each class is distinguished by the *point of view* from which the *details* of the plan are carried out; that is, whether the animal is to walk, fly, or swim; breathe air or water; maintain an active existence, or a sluggish one; while the orders of a class designate only so many *grades of rank*, which depends on the variety of an animal's adaptations to the external world—or, in other words, *how many different things it can do*.

Now, the different beings which have been called into existence upon the earth have not succeeded each other without definite order. Their marshaling, upon the stage of being has been no less methodical than the plan of each individual's structure. This order of succession may be expressed in *general terms* by the following four propositions.

1. The earliest animals possessed, on the whole, a low organization, and were followed by successively higher forms.

2. The four great branches of the animal kingdom existed simultaneously during the *first great period* of animalization.

3. The first *classes* of animals represented upon the earth were *high* in their respective branches.

4. The first *orders* of animals represented upon the earth were *low* in their respective classes.

The grand importance of these principles will be better seen hereafter; and it will also appear that the very *exceptions* to them as general principles have served the cause of truth no less effectively than the rule itself.

#### HOW MEN PASS THEIR LIVES.

ONE-HALF of mankind pass their lives in thinking how they shall get a dinner, and the other in thinking what dinner they shall get; and the first are much less injured by occasional fasts, than are the latter by constant feasts.

#### LIFE'S CUP OF BLISS.

BY ANNIE M. BEACH.

Know this, that when thou deem'st the cup  
Of bliss can hold no more,  
Some unseen hand will surely shake  
The shining goblet o'er,  
And the bright drops be gone for aye,  
That brought the heart to rapture nigh.  
'T was never meant, that here the heart  
Should reach its perfect rest;  
'T was never meant with tasting joy  
On earth we should be blest.  
There is another world than this,  
Where Fate ne'er shakes the cup of bliss.  
It may be that the pure, bright drops,  
Which are denied us here,  
Shall fill our cup of happiness,  
In that celestial sphere,  
Where present, past, and future meet,  
Eternally in bliss complete.  
'T is well! for when we fondly deem  
That perfect bliss is given,  
How soon our sinful hearts are turned  
From the sweet dreams of heaven  
We cherish in the darker days,  
When Fortune hides her genial rays!  
Take, then, what e'er thy Father sends  
As only lent, not given;  
And say, these treasures are not mine,  
Till I have passed to heaven.  
There he will give us perfect bliss;  
No cloud shall mar our happiness.

#### THE SHRINE OF CLAY.

BY WAIF WOODLAND.

WHERE moss and violets creep  
A low mound over,  
And purple shadows sleep  
On scented clover,  
She lieth with thin hands prest,  
In heavy slumber,  
Taking her fill of rest—  
One of our number.  
The Summers come and wane,  
Above her sleeping;  
The stars their fiery train  
Are onward sweeping.  
But she, with the cheek and lip,  
Fresh as Spring roses,  
White as a lily grown,  
Meekly reposes.  
One tress from the baby-brow,  
Ere death had won it,  
A shoe, with the tiny prints  
Of teeth upon it,  
Are all that is left us now,  
Of love's dear token.  
For O! the beautiful shrine  
Of clay has broken.

## ELECTIVE AFFINITIES.

BY REV. W. I. NICHOLS.

THERE is a curious principle involved in our perceptions of things. Every mind has what may be termed its "elective affinities," that is, it elects or prefers certain properties or qualities, certain phases or shades of distinction in all the subjects of its consideration. Just as chemicals by their inherent properties choose certain other chemicals, uniting with them in preference to all others, so the minds of different men select and absorb different elements of the same subject of thought. The trite story of the two knights viewing different sides of the same shield and giving diverse testimony as to its color, is but a representative picture of the way in which different men look at the same thing.

Minds *feed* very much like trees. Each tree selects and takes up to its trunk and branches just those juices and elements suited to its nature and growth. So each mind naturally selects and absorbs what is best suited to its peculiar and proper development.

To illustrate what I mean, follow a half dozen men through a book—the Bible, for example. The first one goes reverently through it from Genesis to Revelation, comes out with texts sticking all over him, and each one picturing God in his sublime sovereignty. He says the Bible is a *solemn* book; is full of solemn things. And it was all solemnity to him—his mind loved that part and so absorbed that. He dwelt long amid the grandeur of the creation. He stood long with sublime Moses upon the Mount, and his mind drank in the awful revelations of glory-crowned Sinai. Other passages there were which dwelt upon the love that gave to Calvary its bleeding victim; he heard the thunder, saw the lightning, and felt the rocking that rent the solemn graves. No wonder he pronounced the Bible a solemn book.

A second takes it up, reads it with equal care, but with directly-opposite impressions. He finds it a *marvelous* book, full of strange things. He will tell you all about the "flood," about Jonah, about Lot's wife, about Sampson, how much he could lift, how many foxes he caught; about Daniel and the man who ate grass like an ox. And he is as honest as the first. He has an affinity for the marvelous, and he finds it wherever he goes, be it in the Bible or in the almanac.

To a third the Bible is all *love*. He hears a father's tenderness even in the thunder-tones of

Jehovah. Every text is an Apollo's harp that will sing only of love. The Psalms are his delight, and he goes through them as one goes through a garden in the soft Summer-time, drinking in the sweetness of the breathing flowers, and the singing birds, and the laden breezes.

And so you might exhaust the list, finding each succeeding man's view to differ in some particular from the preceding. One would take from it a code of laws; another a system of government; a third a model for historians.

Well, now, just as men read books, extracting that for which they have an affinity, so they take from *life* in the same manner. To the solemn man every thing is solemn. His somber affinities color every thing the same hue, just as green glasses make every thing look green. He goes about with a long, bilious Sunday face, so close-fitting and angular that a smile would crack the skin in a dozen places.

"Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort  
As if he mock'd himself, and scorned his spirit  
That could be moved to smile at any thing."

One glance at his solemn face tells the whole story of his life—his solemn home, his solemn wife and children, his solemn religion, and the awfully-solemn heaven to which he is so solemnly going; just as one look at the steeple is sufficient to tell us that the whole house is set apart to solemn sermons.

But to his successor it is entirely different. Amid the same surroundings, under the same influences, he finds life any thing but somber. In fact, it is a *funny* life. Every thing has a ludicrous side, and this is the side he always sees. He penetrates every subject for fun as determinedly and as successfully as the musketo bores through skin, and muscle, and artery till it finds the blood it *knew* was there. And so the solemn man and the funny man move up and down in life in opposite directions, just as two ships upon the sea pass each other—the one going north, the other south, get the sails of both filled by the same breeze.

Again, the man who has affinities for love, for kindness and benevolence, finds just what his nature craves. He wonders how people can call the world cold, selfish, heartless. He finds none of this. Life is to him one long Summer day of glow and brightness, and the geniality of kind words and loving looks settles down upon him like a great gladness. The secret is he goes about like a bee, sucking the honey of love in the most forbidding places, even from the vinegar of selfishness.

To carry out these principles and apply them

in our social relations would be both a pleasing and profitable task. A single example must suffice. In our influence upon each other's feelings, in modifying each other's action, they have an important bearing. There are those whom we can influence, but there are others whom we can not. Some are as susceptible to our approaches as the needle is to the presence of its magnet, while others are as immovable by our efforts as the Bunker Hill monument would be. And yet these same individuals are easily swayed by some one else. Here the affinity is in mental organism; in emotional temperament; in moral susceptibility; in one or all of these.

A manifest deduction from these facts would be that a man, like money, will do the most good as he has the greatest circulation; is brought in contact with the greatest number of people whom he may influence for good.

#### AN EAR AT THE PARSONAGE KEY-HOLE.

BY LIZZIE GOULD.

"SO you did not have the day of quietness you were longing for this morning, after all, Ellen?"

"No, indeed. I might have known enough from my daily experience not to expect it; but I did so much want the day to myself that I could hardly forbear expressing the wish. Why, you had hardly closed the door before the ever-present sister Brown made her appearance—"

"I can guess who followed in her train. If not mistaken I have heard the incessant chatter of sister Blair, with now and then a squeaking discord from sister S., in other words, chief directress of the sewing society, nearly the entire day. I confess my surprise that females should venture out in such a storm unless some call of humanity demanded it."

"A love of gossip, Henry, will give many a weak-minded woman nerve to meet snow and tempest, who at the same time would shrink back from the wintry blast with a shudder if called upon to assist a suffering neighbor. Those who are first to meet discouragements when seeking their own gratification are slowest to do so at the bidding of duty. Had I or any of my family been ill to-day and needing assistance, neither of these three women would have come unasked to our relief. I doubt whether an invitation to do so would not have been met by some excuse about the weather. You know how it was when I was so ill last Summer and suffering day after day with that

terrible fever. None of them showed their faces at the door till I was sufficiently recovered to entertain them. If it had n't been for the blacksmith's good little wife we might all have suffered here among strangers."

"I recollect I tried in vain to get any one to watch by you a single night. Sister Brown was so afraid of the fever that she kept a linsey-woolsey blanket perfumed with camphor hung over the door separating her apartments from ours; her great grandmother had once kept the small-pox out of her house in the same way."

"What a pity some of her great grandchildren would n't become mortally infected with it!"

"The first time I met sister Bruce was at the time to which you refer, but if ever the kindness of a fellow-creature brought sunshine to my heart it was then. You had been for three days too sick to notice me. The doctor gave little hope of your recovery, and the children were constantly crying for your attention. I had been trying in vain to quiet them and invent some kind of cookery they would relish, and, completely dispirited, I kneeled down beside your bed and implored Heaven to come to my relief. Before I had risen from my knees a soft step beside me arrested my attention, and as my eyes met those of the woman who was bending over me, I felt that through some unknown friend my prayer was about to be answered. 'I did n't know till an hour ago that your wife was ill, but perhaps I can do something yet to save her,' was her only introduction. Her gentleness soon won the little ones to her, and I saw the big tears roll down her cheeks as she pressed them to her bosom and told them mamma would soon be well again. Often during your hallucinations you would call her your guardian angel."

"I often feel like calling her so now. Come whenever she will, her face brings with it sunshine. I have not much recollection what she did at that time; I only know that when I first became conscious of passing events she sat bathing my temples with the baby in her arms and Ruth clinging to her neck from behind. She came after that a dozen times or more every day till I was able to be about, always bringing enough from day to day from her own larder to keep ours well supplied. I often wonder how she contrived to do so much for us."

"She keeps no help, does she?"

"None at all, and her family is large and her children still young. Did n't she relieve you a great deal nights?"

"O, yes; we watched with you alternately



for nearly four weeks. She would come over after putting her children asleep and stay till time for them to awaken in the morning, and during the live-long night would bend over you and watch your every word and motion with an anxiety that seemed to know no weariness. Your mother could n't have done more for you, Ellen, and, indeed, I almost forgot sometimes that we were so far away from those who had hitherto been our support in trouble."

"Did I ever tell you about our washing, Henry? She took it all to her own washer-woman, and when I went to settle with the poor laundress I found I was owing her nothing. I insisted on rewarding her."

"'Indade, ma'am,' she replied, 'and it's all right. Mrs. Bruce is the woman that'll never let the like of ye suffer, and when she brings your darlints a bit of bread she is n't the woman that'll turn round and ask ye for the pay, ma'am. There's some folks that talks a great deal about charity, but ye'll find that when she talks about it she does it with her two hands full.'

"I did n't question the poor creature's assertion."

"And found it practically true, have n't you?"

"Yes, indeed. As a neighbor and a friend she is worth any dozen, yes, thousand of the class I have been entertaining to-day."

"Yet some of her sisters in the Church often speak lightly of her. I have heard sister S. say a number of times that she was only a nominal member, and never did any thing to promote its *vital interests*."

"O, that's nothing for her to say of any one that does n't fall in with all her plans and try to ape her ideas and notions in regard to Church and charitable matters. Only to-day in speaking of Mrs. Bruce she said she could never ascertain that she took any interest in the sufferings of her fellow-creatures or did any good in the Church, and she did believe that *every spark of vital piety had died out of her heart*. She asked me if you had ever talked with her about her spiritual condition, and suggested that perhaps some pastoral counsel might benefit her."

"What reply did you make? I do n't recollect that I ever have conversed with sister Bruce about her soul, or what she was doing to save it. The truth is, I have so sensibly *felt* her influence to be that of a true-hearted, earnest, Christian woman that I have thought it would seem an idle form to do so."

"That is just what I told her; that there were cases where a pastor could tell without

any inquiries whether individual members of his charge were the true disciples of Christ or not, while others kept their religion so hidden it must be sought after if ever found. I told her that whatever view others might entertain of Mrs. Bruce's worth, she had proven herself one of the best and truest friends we had found in the course of our itinerancy."

"Good! did you succeed in silencing her?"

"Silence her! did you ever try to quiet the wind? She only launched off on her old hobby, the sewing society. She was impressed that every Christian should feel a deep interest in this noble auxiliary of the Church, which was doing so much to rescue the poor outcasts of the neighborhood from suffering and disgrace. She had often urged Mrs. Bruce to become a member and open her home as a regular place of meeting, but she still withstood all solicitations."

"She intended it as a gentle hint for you, did n't she?"

"Of course, but without discovering to her that I fathomed her object, I merely replied that I supposed Mrs. Bruce had the same reasons for not being a practical advocate of sewing societies that I had. We each had a husband and children, and, not being able to hire them taken care of, it became our duty to look after them ourselves. On that ground, she said, she might excuse herself from attending to the social interests of the Church."

"She has no children, has she?"

"No children! you would n't need to count them twice to reach a dozen; but she is all the same as though she had none, and they are all the same as if they had no mother."

"There are no children of that name in Sabbath school."

"Certainly not, she is too much engaged saving others from crime and misery to exert any charity at home. Do you remember those little boys and girls that used to be about our gate so much last Summer watching for chances to steal fruit from the garden, and how you caught one of them with his pocket full of plums?"

"Yes, and I never shall forget, when I threatened to take him home and tell his mother, with how much self-complacency he looked up in my face and said, 'I guess you'll go till you get tired out afore you'll find her to hum.'"

"Those were her daughters sitting back in the congregation Sunday evening whispering and tittering during the entire service. It's not the first time you have been obliged to reprove them for the same display of irreverence."

"I have called there a number of times in my pastoral round, but I have invariably found the door locked, and all signs indicating not at home."

"I have been there but once, but if her home usually presents such an untidy, comfortless appearance, I do n't wonder that both mother and children have no fondness for it, and choose the street in preference."

"If industrious and tidy, perhaps she might do all she professes to for the Church, and yet make her home a pleasant spot. I have always felt like encouraging societies of this kind. They seem to open a field of usefulness in the Church for many who would be industrious, if they had any thing to do, and they often result in *material* benefit."

"I am no *disbeliever*, so I can't be converted, Henry. Many can be useful in this way, but *all* can not. A woman's first duty is to her own family, and she can in no wise neglect this without foregoing her highest usefulness, and defeating the good she would do elsewhere. I honor Mrs. Bruce in her devotion to her husband and children. She is training her little ones as she ought, and they will yet rise and pronounce her blessed. Her whole family are constant attendants at church and Sabbath school. I venture her present and future influence in the cause of our Master would measure well with that of sister S. and all her crew. Her charities, though unostentatious, are always timely. She knows when and where to give, and I doubt not if we could know how much she bestows upon the needy, even in a single year, it would equal half the net proceeds of the sewing society. As a single recipient, I should bring a large item in her favor. It's many a fresh loaf of bread and pail of milk she has sent me. Only yesterday, when those gentlemen accompanied you to dinner, from the temperance meeting, I stood in the kitchen contriving what I could get that would make a sufficient meal for so many, when who should come in the back door but little Willie Bruce, with a nice roll of butter, some sausage, and a pudding already baked! I do n't know how she knew I needed them."

"I wondered where so good a dinner came from; but not wishing to betray our poverty, I asked no questions. I forgot to inquire about it after our guests were gone."

"It's not the first good dinner from the same source. Yet she never *seems* to notice that we have any lack, and is n't forever asking unpleasant questions about *what* we most need to keep the union between soul and body in an undisturbed state, just as if we were the common

objects of public beneficence. You do n't know how tired I become of that Pharisaical charity which takes pleasure in prying into one's flour barrel and closets, and saying, 'Be ye filled.'"

"We must expect such annoyances, Ellen; if we have enough to eat and keep us from freezing, it will come mostly through private aid."

"I know, but there is a way to bestow it without wounding our feelings of delicacy on this point; but after all I can't see why we are not entitled to a support. Your salary is sufficiently small to meet our expenses; yet, if we could calculate upon receiving it, I could, by economy, save a sufficient amount to replenish your library in the Spring, without the aid of donations from any source."

"I have a presentiment that we will be poorly paid. Brother Wilson, who traveled here last year, told me some of the most able members gave but five dollars, and that was counted in at the yearly donation."

"I am not surprised, though I have not felt like passing hasty judgment. By the way, sister Blair's errand here to-day was to give us some counsel on this subject. The Church have concluded to pay us a *charitable* visit next week, and she is to be mistress of ceremonies. She gave me hints and cautions innumerable, as to what we should do and say in the mean time, so as to secure a large attendance. She says 'we can calculate upon receiving many valuable presents, as they always delight in bestowing testimonials of their affection upon their minister and his family.' From the survey her optical organs were constantly taking of my cranium, I concluded one of those *testimonials* was coming in the shape of a new bonnet for myself; and now I'll tell you what I'm going to do to avoid receiving it. I know I can never wear a hat patterned after her fantastic taste, and I should feel delicate about refusing it, unless I already had one; so I shall brush up my old velvet, and by the aid of a little new trimming, make it look as nice as possible, and then wear it to church next Sunday. If she ventures after this to offer me one, I can decline the gift on the ground that I am already well supplied, or can turn it over to some less fortunate neighbor."

"You've worn that old hat ever since we were married, and I get tired of seeing it."

"Not so tired as you would seeing me wear a blue silk, with red strings and yellow plume."

"How do you know it would be after that sort?"

"Know! a milliner's own head costume is all the show-case she needs. I have always felt particular what kind of a hat I wore, and so

long as I am a minister's wife, and center of all eyes, and subject of all criticism among my own sex in our congregation, I beg leave to wear nothing that would wound my own sense of propriety, or encourage bad taste in others. I do n't know why my rights in this respect are not as sacred as those of the most obscure female."

"So they are, or ought to be, and I confess I honor your independence. I could never do justice to the simplest text in the Bible, if you sat under my eyes every Sabbath, dressed as oddly as sister Blair and her maiden cousins."

"But laying donation matters aside, Henry, I do wish I could contrive some way to rid myself of these daily visitors without hindering our usefulness by so doing. You have no idea what a bore they are to me."

"I thought you were fond of society."

"So I am of *good* society, I positively hunger for it sometimes; but they have no power to satisfy my appetite in that direction. They are sufficiently exacting with you, without making so many encroachments upon my time. They expect all your pulpit labors to be excellent, you must attend all the social means of grace, lecture wherever and whenever called upon, visit the sick and the dying, and—"

"That's all right, Ellen; from the hour of my self-dedication to my high calling, I have not felt like withdrawing any part of the sacrifice. I am a servant to the Church of my choice, and any part of it where I am sent to labor, and I had rather do too much than too little for my Master. When called to give an account of my stewardship, I would show many and full sheaves as the fruit of my labor."

"Do n't understand me as having lost sympathy with the duties of your sacred vocation. A wish to promote your highest usefulness, by relieving you of all family cares and annoyances, prompted me to express the impatience I did with the exactions made upon me and mine. They hire you and not me, and as a wife and mother, I need the same opportunity to regulate my home, and attend to the wants of my family, as do other wives and mothers. I know, without asking it, that slovenliness, and want of attention on my part to these things, would seriously dampen your zeal for doing good. Very soon after we came here, I took occasion to lock the door opening from the hall into Mrs. Brown's apartments. You know the arrangement was, that we were to have exclusive right to the hall, so there was no impropriety in my securing this door and retaining the key. I meant she should infer from this that I considered our two families as by no means one and the same thing."

"Did she heed the intimation?"

"O, not at all. Yet it gives me infinite satisfaction to see her come in the same door as our other neighbors. She goes from garret to cellar, with as much freedom as I do, and seems to think her right to a supervision of the establishment is all the same as though she had rented it for our use. She would make you many a visit, if I did not prevent it. I have told her plainly a number of times, that your study was a sanctum I never permitted even the children to enter without your request."

"After all, she is an ignorant woman. I think she means well."

"She is more unendurable for being ignorant. If she took an intelligent view of our position, and when she came to see us, came actuated by the motives that should inspire all intercourse between a pastor and his people, namely, a *desire to do and to get good*, she would always meet with a welcome. As it is, I feel like offending her, rather than prostituting to her uses all the many hours I might devote to intellectual and religious purposes. I almost forget sometimes that I have a mind to nourish and a soul to fit for immortality."

"You read a great deal last year, and was often a great assistance to me, by giving me a synopsis of what you read. I was thus enabled to save the time I would devote to its perusal for other purposes; and I always found you ready for a little recreation, as company for me on my pastoral rounds, and I well remember many a pleasant ride with you and the children over the hills of R., when I always returned to my books with fresh thoughts and a warmer heart. Some of my best sermons drew their inspiration from these hours of quiet leisure."

"I was differently circumstanced then, the people respected my rights; now I often do not find an hour during the week that I can call my own. I often wish that those pleasant seasons might return, but till the moving pillar of cloud leads our destiny in some other direction, we need not expect it."

"Well, let us be patient under all our discouragements, and look to the bright hereafter for our reward. We are not toiling for an earthly inheritance, but a heavenly. We may be able, by patient continuance in well-doing, to gather even from this rough and stony field many a bright gem with which to set our crowns of glory. Even one soul saved by our efforts, will add to the value of our heavenly treasures, far more than the acquisition of a thousand worlds. Poor and unappreciated, we may travel our way to the grave, but the time is short, and the blessedness of eternity is but just ahead."

## ONE YEAR AGO.

BY JENNIE L. EGGLESTON.

How changed is every thing, dear James, since when you went away!  
That was a bright, sunshiny morn, one year ago to-day;  
The drum and fife were sounding loud, and every thing was gay.

But ah! my heart was very sad, all joy seemed false to me;  
The troops in brilliant uniform, a mocking pageantry,  
For who of all those hearts could tell what was the end to be?

I did not think of duty, 't was an idle sound to me;  
What were the rights of thousands who were struggling to be free?

I would not hear of wrongs for which I had no sympathy.

What was a mighty nation, with torn and bleeding heart,

To my own poor little world, of which you were the largest part?

I said those bitter words, you know, and how they made you start!

I wished, in my wild agony, some friendly cannon-ball  
Would take away your good right hand—I wished it—that was all,

And then for you no more would come our bleeding country's call.

And thus my sinful heart, dear James, when you had gone away,

Was cherishing those bitter thoughts, while every one would say—

How quietly she bears it, she is even growing gay!

The world saw not the rankling wound which would not let me rest;

It knew not of the blighting grief I bore within my breast—

The heart may slowly fester, while the tongue will ever jest.

But when I read of battles, and your dear name met my eye,

While they spoke of daring valor, then my heart beat proud and high;

My sad pain was eased a moment, I forgot that you could die.

And again to-day you 're with me, O how I 've longed for this,

To clasp your hand once more, and feel your tender, loving kiss!

I 've thought there was not on the earth so pure a cup of bliss.

But half the joy is gone, dear James, to see your haggard brow,

And know the bitter, blighting grief that has come o'er you now;

'T would easier be for you to die, than thus your soul to bow.

My wicked wish came almost true. but now I have you back—

The pain so hard to bear, and you so restless of its rack,

I wish that you were well again, and in the soldier's track.

I 'd gladly give you back to war. I know that you were right;

That when your country called for help, you should go forth and fight;

Our nation needed strong young arms to keep her honor bright.

And I can feel for others now, whose hearts are wrung with woe,

Far deeper than the bitterest grief that mine can ever know.

O, would I could recall the words I said a year ago!

## THE SLEEPER.

BY MRS. SARAH GOULD.

CLOSE to thy heart, mother,

Press her, thy treasure;

O, depths of mother-love,

Where find the measure!

Close to thy heart, mother,

Aching and bleeding,

Press the sweet sleeper,

Thy tears all unheeding.

Press the last kiss, mother,

On this cold face,

Ere in the heart's depths

She only hath place.

Press to thy heart, mother,

Closer—and then

Thy dear baby Nellie

Thou 'lt press not again.

This one hath gone, mother,

To join that one other,

The one thou hast wept for,

The lost baby brother.

And when thy turn comes,

To yield up the mortal,

Thou 'lt find thy lost jewels,

Within yonder portal.

## MARY—DEAD.

BY MRS. M. S. WHEELER.

QUIETLY rest, in thy little grave lying,

'Neath the white roses that bloom o'er thy head;

Sadly the willow in silence is sighing

Over the early, the beautiful dead.

We say thou art dead, but thou only art sleeping,

And sweet be thy slumber beneath the cold sod;

And though our lone hearts seek relief in our weeping,

We know thy pure spirit is resting with God.

Within the fold, by the Good Shepherd tended,

Led by his hand, in the green pastures fed,

No more to thirst, for beside the still waters

Linger the little lambs whom we call dead.



## LETTERS TO MY DAUGHTER.

BY R. A. WEST, ESQ.

## NUMBER IX.

## COURTSHIP.

MY DEAR —, Your letter did not surprise me, but it delighted me by its tone of implicit confidence in your parents, and by the combined delicacy and good sense with which you state your views and feelings. Much as I love you, nay, because of my deep affection for you, I hesitate how to counsel you, and almost shrink from the task now that it confronts me, for I remember that the present and the future, the temporal and probably the eternal welfare of my beloved child may hang upon the utterances of my pen. How keenly do I now feel the vast superiority of personal and oral intercourse over epistolary! But as we can not now speak face to face, I will all the more endeavor to counsel you with wisdom and in the fear of the Lord.

I deeply regret that it was necessary so long to delay a full and explicit answer to your letter, for I can well understand your anxiety, and the perplexities of your position, pending my reply. You have borne the suspense in a truly noble and Christian spirit, and my regret has been relieved by the heart-felt assurance that you would rightly divine the reason of my protracted silence, and not attribute it to any lack of interest in the subject you have referred to me. I am glad at length to relieve your mind. I have no objection to your closer intimacy with Mr. —. From all that I have learned respecting him—and I have instituted inquiries, as was my duty, in other quarters than those to which he so frankly referred me—I not only can interpose no objection, but am heartily glad that one so worthy has aspired to your love. The elements of his character are good, and he has established a reputation for honesty, industry, manly piety, and a happy temper, that few of his years have attained to. To the increased development of these excellent traits you may largely contribute by your influence over him from the day that you acknowledge a reciprocity of affection. I like especially the frankness with which he has explained to you and to me his circumstances, prospects, and views, and the candor with which he has told you what he does *not* purpose as well as what he does; what are the *limits* of his plans and his ability as well as what he expects to accomplish immediately and remotely. In this he has not only shown a manly honesty and rectitude of principle, but has paid a compliment to your good sense which to you must be pleasing and to me

is gratifying. Let it be yours, my dear —, to reciprocate and to foster, in every proper way, the spirit of honorable candor in which he has approached you. A man who deals thus frankly with the woman of his choice, is a hundred-fold more entitled to her heart's trust than he who seeks to entangle her into an engagement by exaggerating his ability to support her and concealing the sterner realities of the future from her. The honorable and sincere lover will never act upon the principle—

"What would offend the eye in a good picture,  
The painter casts discreetly into shade."

It is infinitely better that at the outset each should know the worst of the other, so that with freer acquaintance may come increased confidence and love.

Having thus disabused your mind of any fears that my cordial sanction would be withheld from your further acquaintance with Mr. —, let me give you such counsels at this crisis of your life as a sincere parental affection suggests and that observation tells me will be of service to you.

Make no positive engagement for the present. Much reason as I have to admire and to repose the fullest confidence in Mr. —, I can not be blind to the fact that your acquaintance with each other has been brief and comparatively slight. Each may be very amiable and estimable, and yet each may be an unfit life-companion for the other. If such a disqualification exists mutually or on the part of either, a more intimate acquaintance may reveal it, and it had better be discovered before than after a formal engagement has been entered into. There will be less hesitation about acting on such discovery if the way of retreat is not barred by an avowed engagement. Some gentlemen who have the most honorable intentions have mistaken views of what true honor is, and in such circumstances would be very apt to reason thus: "I am disappointed in some important elements of her character, and already perceive that there is not that oneness of sentiment between us that I supposed and hoped. But our mutual engagement is avowed. I can not honorably recede, and must make the best of it." You will readily understand that to "make the best" of such a state of things is impossible; and that such happiness as married life ought to yield would elude the pursuit of any two persons thus circumstanced. If an engagement had not been formally entered into, there would have been little temptation to press matters to a marriage that either was conscious or even apprehensive would be without unity. Let it be understood

between you that for at least three months, while you associate more frequently and with somewhat less reserve than you have hitherto done, nothing more serious than friendly acquaintance shall necessarily result, and that either shall then, without offense to the other, decline an affianced relation. I can not help thinking that were such a course more generally pursued by young people, many an unhappy marriage would be avoided.

At the same time I judge it highly probable that your destiny is to be blended with that of Mr. —; that sooner or later he will offer and you will accept a formal proposal of marriage. Even were you not both as young as you are, I should advise you to be in no hurry to take the next step. In my judgment the instances are rare in which courtship can be dispensed with. When *strangers* marry, the chances for happiness are small indeed. A great deal has been said about the pleasures and the sweet emotions incident to courtship, and too little of its *uses*. It is a discipline, a schooling for married life, molding the hearts of both into that mystic union which in marriage is the bond of perfectness, fostering and sanctioning tender confidences, revealing and modifying the minuter traits of character, so that unity of soul shall grow and mature, and the neck of each be prepared to bear the yoke that they must for a lifetime carry together.

With respect to your bearing toward Mr. — when you have formally accepted him as your suitor, it is not possible to give you more than general counsels. Your first care must be to acquaint yourself thoroughly with the less apparent traits of his character, and especially with the measure of his sensibility, which latter must be to a great degree the regulator of your own deportment toward him. From the tone of his letter to me, and from what is said of him by those who know him intimately, I judge him to be of a confiding, sympathetic, generous nature, and like all such men exceedingly sensitive. But whether this be so or not, your relation to him will make it your duty to generously reciprocate his confidence, and to avoid every thing that might tend to chill the warmth of his affection. I do not believe that my dear — is capable of the heartless vanity and cruelty of which some young women are guilty during the time of their engagement. If a man possesses a woman's love and is worthy of it, it is neither wise nor safe for her to sport with his affections. If unhappily any misunderstanding should at any time arise between you and Mr. —, do not let a false pride prevent you from promptly aiding in removing it. If he is worthy of your

love, he is worthy also of your fullest candor and trust. Be as ready to give as to ask explanations that may be needful or seem desirable. Some people make light of "lovers' quarrels." I would not have you fall into that error. True love, though strong and enduring if wisely fostered and cultivated, is, nevertheless, a plant of rare delicacy and sensitiveness, that can be killed by repeated changes of temperature—by a series of sudden chills as surely as by a tornado. As you value your mutual happiness *avoid lovers' quarrels*. Be as ready to yield as to exact those small concessions which prevent disputation and promote mutual kindness and affability. Do not yourself be quick to take umbrage. You can not suppose that Mr. — would intentionally grieve or offend you. The moment you can suppose that of him, true confidence has ceased, and you had better thenceforward walk in separate paths. But this is not likely to be the case, and, therefore, it involves no sacrifice of womanly reserve, dignity, or independence on your part to assume the absence of all intention to offend and to be first, if need be, to brush away every obstacle to the most perfect mutual good understanding. Especially from the hour of your betrothal avoid every thing like flirtation or undue familiarity with other gentlemen. I can not conceive how an honorable and trustful suitor can be more keenly and deeply wounded than by such forgetfulness or non-appreciation on the part of his betrothed of the relationship she sustains toward him. But I need not say more on this point to you.

Nor, indeed, need I much further counsel you on the general subject of this letter. When you have given Mr. — your deliberate promise to become his wife, it will be alike your duty and your pleasure to cultivate esteem and love for him in your heart, and to familiarize yourself with the thought that your future destiny is to be inseparably linked with his. In your intercourse with him you will regard him as your affianced husband, nor conceal wholly from him the love you bear him. In all this, however, you must be careful to maintain a just maidenly reserve and a true feminine delicacy, thereby heightening his esteem and affection. Nor will you forget that even the pleasurable weeks and months of courtship are to be sanctified by prayer and watchfulness and improved by religious conversation. You are to be helpers of each other in all righteousness as well now as hereafter, and to act ever on the principle that no intercourse is so profitable and so sweet as that which is seasoned by the fear of the Lord and the blessed consciousness of his approval.

Your affectionate father.

## HYMNS—THEIR WRITERS AND THEIR INFLUENCE.\*

BY REV. W. R. GOODWIN, A. M.

WE are a nation of singers, and all that pertains to song is interesting to the masses. On the highway, in the workshop, in the school-room, around the hearth-stone—*every-where* we hear the voice of singing. Thousands there are who never could sing, and who never will sing vocally on earth, yet music is in their soul, and a beautiful hymn moves them as Orpheus moved the trees. According to Shakspeare, and according to Fact, the man who has no music in his soul is fit for "treason, stratagem, and spoils." We believe that but few persons live who can not enjoy a hymn that is well sung. Henry Ward Beecher says that "hymns are the exponents of the inmost piety of the Church. They are the crystalline tears, or blossoms of joy, or holy prayers, or incarnated raptures. They are the jewels which the Church has worn—the pearls, the diamonds and precious stones, formed into amulets more potent against sorrow and sadness than the most famous charms of wizard or magician."

The public are much indebted to the late Dr. Belcher for a work on hymns, which he barely lived to finish, dying July 10, 1859, not many hours after his labors had ceased on the volume spoken of. I purposed drawing largely on this volume for the facts and incidents presented in this article, and shall use the language of the author whenever it suits my purpose.

The only apology I offer for now writing is, that the theme is a pleasing and a profitable one. Ever since the morning stars sang together music has exerted a wonderful influence over all classes, both in heaven and on earth. The poet speaks of the time

"When the fawn and the spotted leopard,  
The wolf and the young gazelle,  
Came close to the sound of the singing  
As Eve's voice rose and fell."

In the days of David singing was well understood and much practiced, as four thousand singers were appointed from among the Levites, having two hundred and eighty-eight leaders, and the whole duty of this immense choir was to furnish music for the Temple worship. We are told by Tacitus that the early Christians sang hymns to one whom they thought had died and had risen again. The Jews were great singers,

and Christ and his disciples sang together during their last interview before the crucifixion, and thus songs were rendered sacred forever. Martin Luther fully understood the power of song, and while a wandering minstrel earning his bread by singing at the doors of the rich in the streets of Magdeburg and Eisenach, he was as truly preparing for the future reformer, as when, a retired monk in the cloister of Erfurt, he was storing his mind with the truths of Revelation with which to refute the errors of Popery. Our Pilgrim fathers sang a hymn of praise on Plymouth Rock to the God who had led them over the briny deep. They raised a key-note of praise that has been caught by the Alleghanies, and by them sent to the Rocky Mountains, and thence to the rolling Pacific. During the earlier days of our colonies the love of song was alive, but the art was lost till—according to our author—we are told by one minister that the singing of a congregation "sounded like five hundred tunes roared out at the same time, so hideously and disorderly as is bad beyond expression;" and he declares that he had to pause twice in one note to take breath. As early as 1723 we find choirs in use, and they then, as now, caused a great deal of trouble. On one occasion Dr. Moody, of Maine, called on his servant John to conduct the singing, but after they were done he said, "John, you shall never set the psalm again, for you are ready to burst with pride." Other choristers have felt the same kind of expansion. Dr. Lowell Mason, the eminent singer, was laughed at when he offered his manuscripts to the publisher, and he was about to return to Savannah when he accidentally fell in with a gentleman who interested himself in the publication of the work that has almost immortalized Mason's name.

We find some interesting incidents recorded in the book under notice, from which I will select a few. A gentleman once wrote a publisher in Boston for a copy of that popular book, "The Ancient Lyre." His order ran thus: "Please send me the *Ancient Liar, well bound*." The publisher replied: "My dear sir,—I do not doubt that the devil has been and still is in Boston, but it will be difficult to comply with your request, for the reason that Boston influence is so strong in his favor it will be impossible to *bind* him." In 1853 a Boston publishing-house "got up" a Quaker hymn-book, having heard that that large and respectable body of Christians had no hymn-book. It appeared to be a very good opening, but one unlucky circumstance spoiled the sale of the book—that was, *Quakers never sing!*

In the old Granite State the choir of a certain

\* Historical Sketches of Hymns: their Writers and their Influence. By Joseph Belcher, D. D. Issued by Lindsay & Blakiston. Philadelphia. 1859.

Church became offended at the minister, and for several Sabbaths they forsook the house of worship. At length they relented and returned, and at the proper time the minister gave out the striking hymn beginning thus:

"And are ye rebels yet alive?  
And do ye yet rebel?"

That choir seceded no more.

It will, doubtless, be pleasant to learn something about some of our favorite hymns and their authors. All of us love to sing or hear sung that beautiful hymn beginning,

"God moves in a mysterious way."

The poet Cowper was its author, and it was written under peculiar circumstances. Cowper was subject to fits of mental derangement, and while suffering from one of these he thought it was the will of the Lord that he should drown himself in the River Ouse, in a particular spot some two miles from his residence at Olney. He employed a coachman who was well acquainted with the spot, but in some way he lost the road and was compelled to return. The spell was broken, and the result was the hymn alluded to.

Who does not love the hymn beginning,

"Jerusalem, my happy home?"

It was written by Rev. David Dickson, in the seventeenth century. A few years since a Presbyterian minister in New Orleans was called to see a dying man, who refused to converse with him on the subject of religion. At last the minister gave up in despair, and walking toward the window sung half-unconsciously,

"Jerusalem, my happy home."

As soon as the dying man heard this, he burst into tears, and remarked that his mother used to sing that hymn, and he immediately began to seek a preparation for that happy home.

The author of

"Blest be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love,"

was Dr. John Fawcett, who was an excellent man. While yet a comparatively young man, with a rapidly-increasing family, he had a call to a large Church in London, and accepted the call. His people pleaded and begged, but the wagons were packed, while he and his wife wept with the poor people around them. At length his wife exclaimed, "O John, John, I can not bear this! I know not how to go!" "Nor I either," said he, "nor will we go! Unload the wagons, and put every thing in its place as it was before!" The people wept for joy, and on

a salary of less than two hundred dollars he labored among this people till his death. The hymn alluded to was written on this occasion.

Rev. Robert Robinson wrote the well-known hymn,

"Come thou Fount of every blessing,"

and in his later years he became, to some extent, a backslider. One day while riding in a stage-coach with a strange lady, she spoke to him about this hymn, stating that she had received a great deal of benefit from it. At length he burst into tears and said, "Madam, I am the poor, unhappy man who composed that hymn many years ago, and I would give a thousand worlds, if I had them, to enjoy the feelings I then had."

I scarcely need allude to the Wesleys or Watts, as their hymns are so universally known. John and Charles Wesley rode on a tide of song, and their hymns have left an indelible impress on the hearts of the world. The hymns,

"O for a thousand tongues to sing,"

"Shrinking from the cold hand of death,"

"Behold the Savior of mankind," etc.,

are ringing in the ears and touching the hearts of all classes, and millions yet to be shall learn to sing them and to love their authors. For a list of authors of hymns I must refer the reader to the book of which I am speaking.

A few incidents illustrating the influence of sacred melody on personal and social happiness will be agreeable.

In the year 1755, in Canada, two little girls were stolen from their parents by the Indians. One of them was probably killed, but the other one was given to an old squaw in company with a little white girl from another settlement. The oldest girl, whose name was Regina, was nine years of age and the other only two. Regina had learned a verse of the beautiful hymn reading thus:

"Alone, yet not alone, am I,  
Though in this solitude so drear," etc.,

and had taught it to her little companion. These children remained in captivity nine years, and they grew to look like their captors. Peace having been declared, four hundred captive whites were taken to one place, where their friends might find and receive them. Among others in quest of their lost children was the mother of Regina, but she failed to find her child. She was about to go away broken-hearted, when she remembered that her child used to sing the hymn referred to. She began to sing,

"Alone, but not alone, am I,  
Though in this solitude so drear;



I feel my Savior always nigh—  
He comes the weary hours to cheer—  
I am with him and he with me,  
Even here alone I can not be."

Scarcely had she sung two lines till Regina began to sing with her, and they rushed into each other's arms—the dead was alive, the lost was found.

In the year 1806, while Rev. James Axley, a Methodist preacher, was traveling in Louisiana, he was at the point of starvation, and he stopped at a planter's house and asked for food and lodging. The mistress of the house, a widow with several daughters, and several negro children playing about, saw that he was a preacher, and immediately refused his request. He obtained permission, however, to warm for a few minutes by the fire. Feeling as if this might be his last night on earth, and that his troubles were nearly at an end, he began to sing:

"Peace, troubled soul! thou needst not fear,  
Thy great Provider still is near."

He sang the whole hymn, and when he looked around, the mother, daughters, and negroes were all in tears. "Here, Sally," said the mother, "get the preacher a good supper! Peter, put up his horse! he shall stay a week, if he pleases." Such is the blessed influence of song. But sometimes preachers and people are thoughtless, and hymns are made to appear ludicrous. Some time since a minister in a large, intelligent congregation announced, on a bright Sabbath morning, this hymn:

"Savior, breathe an evening blessing,  
Ere repose our spirits seal."

He must have thought it was bedtime!

A certain ex-presiding elder in an Indiana Conference was about to leave his first circuit, and as he loved his people, and as his people loved him, there was a large crowd out to hear his farewell sermon. He concluded his discourse and sat down weeping and his congregation was weeping also, when a good local preacher arose and very solemnly read the hymn beginning thus:

"Jesus, we lift our souls to thee;  
Thy Holy Spirit breathe,  
And let this little infant be  
Baptized into thy death!"

Comment is unnecessary.

Not long since the choir of a very large congregation in our country sang with great gusto at the funeral of a distinguished man,

"Believing, we rejoice  
To see the curse removed."

This was the result of carelessness, and we too

often see such carelessness exhibited in all our pulpits. The following extract shows how good hymns may be murdered in cold blood, with malice prepense. The writer says, "One of the most singular curiosities of musical literature with which we are acquainted, relates to a fugue tune to which is sung a version of the 133d Psalm, in the prodigious effort of the performance of which the ear-splitting combination of the several voices scarcely bears a resemblance to that oily current poured on Aaron's head. The manner of singing is this:

Ran down his beard and o'er his robes,  
Ran down his beard,  
his robes,

and o'er his robes.

Ran down his beard—

Ran down his—

O'er his robes,

His robes, his robes, ran down his beard,

Ran down his—o'er his robes—ran down his beard—his b-e-a-r-d. Its costly moist—ran down his beard—ure—beard—his—beard—his—shed—ran down his beard—his—down—his robes—its costly moist—his beard—ure—shed—his—cost—his robes—robes—ure shed—

Its costly moist—

ure—shed.

"Bishop Seabury was asked his opinion of this composition, and he replied that he had paid no attention to the music, for his sympathies were so much excited for poor Aaron that he was afraid that he would not have a hair left."

I heard a city choir not long since give a "voluntary" after that sort, and I could hardly help feeling kind o' pious under the unction that ran down upon the heads and beards of the people. It is true it sounded like bad Sioux or Choctaw, but it was *artistic*.

Any appropriate hymn well sung has "power to stir a fever in the blood of age, and make an infant's sinews strong as steel." When Saul was demented David could chase away the demon as he touched the harp with skillful fingers, and sang a song such as mortals love to hear. Paul and Silas praised God in prison though lacerated by the cruel scourging just received; and thousands of afflicted Christians, while in the prison-house of clay, have sung the songs of their pilgrimage preparatory to learning the song of Moses and the Lamb. Go among the negroes of the South, and from every cotton-field music is heard sweeter, and purer, and richer than was ever pumped out of organ or drummed out of piano. Their tuneful voices will sing "Jesus my all to heaven is gone," till the hearer is borne on the tide of melody to the land where dwelleth the Lamb that was slain but liveth

again. Visit the hovel of the peasant and there the mother soothes to gentle sleep her hungry child as she sings, as only a mother can sing,

"I would not live away, I ask not to stay,  
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way."

Go to the camp of the soldier, and you will hear from warm hearts and loyal Christian lips the stirring notes of the Christian's war song:

"Am I a soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the Lamb;"

and as they reach the words, "Since I must fight if I would reign," you may see the tear-moistened eye and the heaving chest proclaiming that they are "soldiers for Jesus, and are 'listed for the war." Visit the widow in her lonely widowhood, and as tears are coursing their way down her cheeks she sings,

"There is an hour of peaceful rest  
To mourning wand'ers given;  
There is a joy for souls distress'd,  
A balm for every wounded breast—  
'T is found above in heaven."

Not only do religious hymns stir the depths of the soul, but national airs create an enthusiasm that is beyond description. We have seen thousands of eyes moisten but recently, and thousands of lips tremble, and have heard the noise of shouting as the noise of many waters, as good old E Pluribus Unum has floated out upon the air from the lips of loyal singers. While liberty lives—while freemen exist—while we are American citizens, the glow of patriotic fire will be felt as we sing,

"Then up with our flag! let it stream on the air,  
Though our fathers are cold in their graves,  
They had hands that could strike and souls that could dare,  
And their sons were not born to be slaves!  
Up, up with that banner! where'er it may call,  
Our millions shall rally around!  
A nation of freemen that moment shall fall,  
When its stars shall be trailed on the ground!"

As martial music moves the hosts on the battlefield—as the national song fires the national heart, so do the hymns of the pious fire the heart of the Church militant. The embattled hosts of God's elect shout their war-song as they charge, and over the din of battle we hear them singing their "*To triumphe*"—the Lord God omnipotent reigneth! The pilgrim over the desert of life, as he travels to the Mecca of his hopes, sings,

"Tell me, pilgrims, what you hope for  
In the better land.  
Spotless robes and crowns of glory  
From a Savior's hand.  
We shall drink of life's clear river—  
We shall dwell with God forever  
In the better land!"

The children sing of angels, and angels carry them singing, on wings of light, to the starry crown. The saint exults to sing of the New Jerusalem, where is the palace of God:

"A river of water gushes there  
'Mid flowers of beauty strangely fair,  
And a thousand forms are hov'ring o'er  
The dazzling waves and the golden shore,  
That are seen in that sun-bright clime.  
Ear hath not heard, and eye hath not seen,  
Their swelling songs and their changeless sheen;  
Their ensigns are waving, and banners unfurl  
O'er the jasper walls and gates of pearl  
That are fixed in that sun-bright clime."

Hymns have their uses on earth—they exert a power in life, a charm in death, and those who sing them understandingly here shall sing of Moses and the Lamb as they stand on the sea of glass mingled with fire, where the songs of salutation shall reëcho forever. The song that we sing in the house of our pilgrimage is,

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,  
And when my voice is lost in death  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers.  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures."

#### TEARS FOR THE DEAD.

BY MRS. E. C. HOWARTH.

Yes, weep for him who passed away from earth  
In his proud manhood, thoughtless, unprepared—  
Struck down by death in hour of festive mirth;  
O ye his friends who his wild revels shared,  
Bear your lost comrade to his silent grave,  
And weep, ye can not save!  
Weep ye for him who from the prison cell  
Went forth to die with falsehood on his tongue—  
Blood-stained, impenitent—it had been well  
That he had died when he was pure and young;  
Thy prayer, poor mother, breathed in anguish wild,  
Brought ruin to thy child.  
Weep ye for him who on life's Summer track  
Shared in thy boyhood's play—thy youth's romance;  
Who, in his last, dread agony, turned back  
To fix on thee one wild, imploring glance.  
Ah, faithless one, ye might have changed his fate;  
Ye weep, alas! too late.  
Weep ye for him whom bitter taunts hath stung,  
Till his own hand hath oped the gates of death;  
Round whom misfortune and neglect hath clung  
Till he was hopeless, and his troubled breath  
Went out into the shadows, drear and dim;  
Let tears be shed for him.  
But O, ye mourners, do not weep for them  
Whom God hath taken in their early years!  
His boundless mercy do not dare condemn,  
Lest ye have greater cause for bitter tears;  
If ye must weep, for guilt let tears be shed,  
Not for the sinless dead.

## BIBLE OF THE SEPULCHER.

SEQUEL TO THE BIBLE OF THE BASTILLE.  
FROM THE FRENCH OF BUNGNER.

BY MRS. JULIA M. OLIN.

TWO years, or thereabout, after the death of Rousseau and of Voltaire, a young priest was seated, one evening, in a village cemetery, a few leagues from Paris.

He was reading his breviary by the last rays of the sun, but his eyes were often elsewhere. He appeared, nevertheless, not to forget his book but for serious, sad thoughts. His eyes wandered over the tombs or were lifted up toward the skies. One would have said that he was seeking some way between death and life; between annihilation and the infinite. Alas! he had long sought this way, and his soul had strayed, even as his eyes were now straying. This priest was Julian.

He had at first asked for truth from philosophers; he had afterward hoped to attain it across the thickening darkness, or the steps of the enlightened St. Martin, or the *Thaumaturge* of Chambord. Mesmer had offered him prodigies more real, nearer, it seemed to him, to the chief point of the question; he had seen human intelligence in relations till then unknown with matter, with the senses. But he was soon weary, as St. Germain had predicted, of recording new enigmas, without being more enabled to divine those of the ancients. The observation of facts had only served to give him a more ardent desire to find out the *why*, and to demonstrate to him at the same time that he would not find it. To what end, said he, shall I increase this useless treasure? Wherefore record more? Why resemble him who amasses books written in a language unknown, mysterious, and never to be deciphered?

Then he asked if there was no way of inclosing his years, and with his years his mind and his soul, in a circle out of which he would have no thought of going. His reason would slumber; his conscience would walk in a beaten road. It would be the tomb, but it would at least be that of peace.

This tomb the Church offered him, whether in the monastic life or in the vocation of priest. But in the convent he would have been sure to find himself the same man. It was necessary that the idle spirit and the empty heart should have at least something of which to make its illusions, and that is what he sought in the active priesthood. There, under the habit of faith, perhaps, he would obtain peace without pronouncing himself in the depths between faith

and incredulity. Was not this what many others had done? Once believing, by his office, by duty, he would try to shut himself up to this duty, to this office, and not disquiet himself about other things. Simple canal of a teaching come from elsewhere, he would transmit the dogmas without sounding their source; he tried to persuade himself that his responsibility covered before men, was hidden also before his conscience and before God. Finally—and it was upon that he counted most—he would have good to do, the unhappy to console, the poor to relieve.

Julian had not then found any thing better, according to his plan, than this poor village. The spiritual field to be cultivated scarcely required more expenditure of mind and soul than the garden of the priest's house. But woe unto him who is reduced to count upon the annihilation of his own being! A living man can not become at will a corpse.

Life came again to him, and with life suffering. To ancient sorrows were joined those of the perpetual falsehood to which he had condemned himself to chase them away. . . . One night he was sorrowfully agitated in his bed under the weight of his thoughts. . . . But suddenly he rises, dresses himself hastily, and goes out through the dark night to the old church of the village.

The church was high and vast; the lamps suspended according to custom before the altar, only lighted the front of the altar and the lower part of the two neighboring pillars. Agitated an instant by the motion of the air, the imperceptible flame had soon become motionless, and all the shadows with it. Darkness and silence mutually exerted their mysterious power. . . .

Julian then perceived that he had his feet on a slab that two iron rings distinguished from its neighbors. This slab, well known to him, was the entrance to a vault where for a long time the *curés* of the parish had been buried.

How many times he had contemplated it! How many times his thoughts had penetrated it, interrogating the vault and its immovable guests!

But one above all had become the object of this ardent interest, which excited in him all the mysteries of life and death.

It was said in the country that a *curé*, in the beginning of the century, had left certain papers, which papers had been inclosed by his order in his coffin. They added that this *curé* came from they knew not where, had lived sorrowfully, had died young, and appeared to have sunk under the weight of some secret anguish.

This was enough to interest Julian. He made

again. Visit the hovel of the peasant and there the mother soothes to gentle sleep her hungry child as she sings, as only a mother can sing,

"I would not live away, I ask not to stay,  
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way."

Go to the camp of the soldier, and you will hear from warm hearts and loyal Christian lips the stirring notes of the Christian's war song:

"Am I a soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the Lamb;"

and as they reach the words, "Since I must *fight* if I would reign," you may see the tear-moistened eye and the heaving chest proclaiming that they are "soldiers for Jesus, and are 'listed for the war." Visit the widow in her lonely widowhood, and as tears are coursing their way down her cheeks she sings,

"There is an hour of peaceful rest  
To mourning wand'ers given;  
There is a joy for souls distress'd,  
A balm for every wounded breast—  
'T is found above in heaven."

Not only do religious hymns stir the depths of the soul, but national airs create an enthusiasm that is beyond description. We have seen thousands of eyes moisten but recently, and thousands of lips tremble, and have heard the noise of shouting as the noise of many waters, as good old *E Pluribus Unum* has floated out upon the air from the lips of loyal singers. While liberty lives—while freemen exist—while we are American citizens, the glow of patriotic fire will be felt as we sing,

"Then up with our flag! let it stream on the air,  
Though our fathers are cold in their graves,  
They had hands that could strike and souls that could dare,  
And their sons were not born to be slaves!  
Up, up with that banner! where'er it may call,  
Our millions shall rally around!  
A nation of freemen that moment shall fall,  
When its stars shall be trailed on the ground!"

As martial music moves the hosts on the battlefield—as the national song fires the national heart, so do the hymns of the pious fire the heart of the Church militant. The embattled hosts of God's elect shout their war-song as they charge, and over the din of battle we hear them singing their "*To triumphe*"—the Lord God omnipotent reigneth! The pilgrim over the desert of life, as he travels to the Mecca of his hopes, sings,

"Tell me, pilgrims, what you hope for  
In the better land.  
Spotless robes and crowns of glory  
From a Savior's hand.  
We shall drink of life's clear river—  
We shall dwell with God forever  
In the better land!"

The children sing of angels, and angels carry them singing, on wings of light, to the starry crown. The saint exults to sing of the New Jerusalem, where is the palace of God:

"A river of water gushes there  
'Mid flowers of beauty strangely fair,  
And a thousand forms are hov'ring o'er  
The dazzling waves and the golden shore,  
That are seen in that sun-bright clime.  
Ear hath not heard, and eye hath not seen,  
Their swelling songs and their changeless sheen;  
Their ensigns are waving, and banners unfurl  
O'er the jasper walls and gates of pearl  
That are fixed in that sun-bright clime."

Hymns have their uses on earth—they exert a power in life, a charm in death, and those who sing them understandingly here shall sing of Moses and the Lamb as they stand on the sea of glass mingled with fire, where the songs of salutation shall resound forever. The song that we sing in the house of our pilgrimage is,

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,  
And when my voice is lost in death  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers.  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures."

#### TEARS FOR THE DEAD.

BY MRS. E. C. HOWARTH.

Yes, weep for him who passed away from earth  
In his proud manhood, thoughtless, unprepared—  
Struck down by death in hour of festive mirth;  
O ye his friends who his wild revels shared,  
Bear your lost comrade to his silent grave,  
And weep, ye can not save!

Weep ye for him who from the prison cell  
Went forth to die with falsehood on his tongue—  
Blood-stained, impenitent—it had been well  
That he had died when he was pure and young;  
Thy prayer, poor mother, breathed in anguish wild,  
Brought ruin to thy child.

Weep ye for him who on life's Summer track  
Shared in thy boyhood's play—thy youth's romance;  
Who, in his last, dread agony, turned back  
To fix on thee one wild, imploring glance.  
Ah, faithless one, ye might have changed his fate;  
Ye weep, alas! too late.

Weep ye for him whom bitter taunts hath stung,  
Till his own hand hath oped the gates of death;  
Round whom misfortune and neglect hath clung  
Till he was hopeless, and his troubled breath  
Went out into the shadows, drear and dim;  
Let tears be shed for him.

But O, ye mourners, do not weep for them  
Whom God hath taken in their early years!  
His boundless mercy do not dare condemn,  
Lest ye have greater cause for bitter tears;  
If ye must weep, for guilt let tears be shed,  
Not for the sinless dead.



## BIBLE OF THE SEPULCHER.

SEQUEL TO THE BIBLE OF THE BASTILLE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BUNGENER.

BY MRS. JULIA M. OLIN.

TWO years, or thereabout, after the death of Rousseau and of Voltaire, a young priest was seated, one evening, in a village cemetery, a few leagues from Paris.

He was reading his breviary by the last rays of the sun, but his eyes were often elsewhere. He appeared, nevertheless, not to forget his book but for serious, sad thoughts. His eyes wandered over the tombs or were lifted up toward the skies. One would have said that he was seeking some way between death and life; between annihilation and the infinite. Alas! he had long sought this way, and his soul had strayed, even as his eyes were now straying. This priest was Julian.

He had at first asked for truth from philosophers; he had afterward hoped to attain it across the thickening darkness, or the steps of the enlightened St. Martin, or the *Thaumaturge* of Chambord. Mesmer had offered him prodigies more real, nearer, it seemed to him, to the chief point of the question; he had seen human intelligence in relations till then unknown with matter, with the senses. But he was soon weary, as St. Germain had predicted, of recording new enigmas, without being more enabled to divine those of the ancients. The observation of facts had only served to give him a more ardent desire to find out the *why*, and to demonstrate to him at the same time that he would not find it. To what end, said he, shall I increase this useless treasure? Wherefore record more? Why resemble him who amasses books written in a language unknown, mysterious, and never to be deciphered?

Then he asked if there was no way of inclosing his years, and with his years his mind and his soul, in a circle out of which he would have no thought of going. His reason would slumber; his conscience would walk in a beaten road. It would be the tomb, but it would at least be that of peace.

This tomb the Church offered him, whether in the monastic life or in the vocation of priest. But in the convent he would have been sure to find himself the same man. It was necessary that the idle spirit and the empty heart should have at least something of which to make its illusions, and that is what he sought in the active priesthood. There, under the habit of faith, perhaps, he would obtain peace without pronouncing himself in the depths between faith

and incredulity. Was not this what many others had done? Once believing, by his office, by duty, he would try to shut himself up to this duty, to this office, and not disquiet himself about other things. Simple canal of a teaching come from elsewhere, he would transmit the dogmas without sounding their source; he tried to persuade himself that his responsibility covered before men, was hidden also before his conscience and before God. Finally—and it was upon that he counted most—he would have good to do, the unhappy to console, the poor to relieve.

Julian had not then found any thing better, according to his plan, than this poor village. The spiritual field to be cultivated scarcely required more expenditure of mind and soul than the garden of the priest's house. But woe unto him who is reduced to count upon the annihilation of his own being! A living man can not become at will a corpse.

Life came again to him, and with life suffering. To ancient sorrows were joined those of the perpetual falsehood to which he had condemned himself to chase them away. . . . One night he was sorrowfully agitated in his bed under the weight of his thoughts. . . . But suddenly he rises, dresses himself hastily, and goes out through the dark night to the old church of the village.

The church was high and vast; the lamps suspended according to custom before the altar, only lighted the front of the altar and the lower part of the two neighboring pillars. Agitated an instant by the motion of the air, the imperceptible flame had soon become motionless, and all the shadows with it. Darkness and silence mutually exerted their mysterious power. . . .

Julian then perceived that he had his feet on a slab that two iron rings distinguished from its neighbors. This slab, well known to him, was the entrance to a vault where for a long time the *curés* of the parish had been buried.

How many times he had contemplated it! How many times his thoughts had penetrated it, interrogating the vault and its immovable guests!

But one above all had become the object of this ardent interest, which excited in him all the mysteries of life and death.

It was said in the country that a *curé*, in the beginning of the century, had left certain papers, which papers had been inclosed by his order in his coffin. They added that this *curé* came from they knew not where, had lived sorrowfully, had died young, and appeared to have sunk under the weight of some secret anguish.

This was enough to interest Julian. He made

himself a brother of that man, dead before his birth; he built and rebuilt in a hundred ways the story of the sorrows that had led him to the tomb.

Several times had the idea occurred to him to seek out this history, where it probably was in the papers said to have been buried with the priest. The violation of the sepulcher could not in such a case alarm his conscience. Since the dead had not ordered that these documents should be destroyed, he had then admitted the possibility that they should one day be gathered up. Julian felt his rights to this funeral heritage. . . . One night, then, he returned into the church, opened the vault and descended into it.

This lamp showed him a vault sufficiently low, but under which one could, however, walk with ease. Thirty coffins placed on transverse stones nearly filled up the circumference of the vault. The most ancient were easily distinguished, not only by their rude form, but by the state of the wood. There were even some that were broken open. The bones had rolled on the ground with the fragments of boards.

Julian went then to the more recent ones, and saw with pleasure that all bore on a plate of metal the name of the dead. He soon found one on which he read,

MAURIC, MDCCXIII.

It was this that he sought.

But at the moment he put his hand to the work—he had a hammer and pincers—his heart nearly failed him. He had shaken off the involuntary fear of the tombs, and it was a little thing, once there, to dare look upon a withered corpse; but these papers of which he was going to take possession, he said to himself now with terror, might only give him new torments, and that he would have worse after the remedy to sigh over his fatal curiosity.

Finally the lot is cast. He removes one or two other coffins, only astonished at moving them without effort, and to find them so light. Alas! we are always a little surprised when we have to verify with our hands to what a man is reduced! But Julian did not stop to dream about it.

He sought then if it were possible to open the coffin without breaking it, and his surprise was great when he perceived recent traces of robbery. In touching the lid he shook it. Two or three nails, badly put in, scarcely held it, and almost without effort he lifted it up. He was there, the poor, dead man, his hands upon his breast, his eyes—or what had once been his eyes—directed toward the heavens as if awaiting the coming of the first ray of immortality

that would then rekindle his life. The teeth, white and perfect, announced a man still young; the hair almost white, a man grown old before his time. The forehead was high, large, and powerful.

But Julian gave scarcely a look to the hideous beauty of the face. One thought crossed his mind. The papers had disappeared.

In truth there were no papers. In vain he searched the coffin, lifted up the shreds of the cassock in which the dead man was dressed, passed his hand under the skeleton—nothing. He felt something on the ground under his foot. It was a piece of coarse pack-thread, retaining still the square form of a parcel.

The papers had then been carried off, and that quite recently. By whom? It was impossible to doubt. Campbell, a priest, who was constantly with him, had heard him more than once express the desire to have them. Campbell had come to take them.

But how had he penetrated this vault? Julian soon perceived behind other coffins a corridor. He entered, and at some distance he found what he expected—a staircase which led to another part of the church.

He came back again to the dead man, and contemplated him a long time. Placed on one of the corners of the coffin, the lamp shed its full light on his dark face, whose silent immobility it animated with its changeable brightness. Julian seemed to wait for the voice to follow the movement, and for the dead man to awake to tell him what the papers would have said. Ah! with all his heart he would have given half his blood if those withered arteries could begin to beat, were it only for some minutes! And already it seemed to him that almost by force of interrogating the gloomy aspect of the skeleton he would end by reading something there.

But he looked in vain, he only read there that eternal lesson which is read on all which has been and is no more, on the leaf which falls as on the column which crumbles, on the lips of the man who died yesterday as on the bony forehead of him who has already slept a century. And what to him were these common-places of the tomb? The lessons of death, he knew them; what he had come to seek were the secrets of life.

And yet he could not tear himself from this mysterious embrace of a living soul, his own with a skeleton. He should repent; it seemed to him to have left before the dead had said his last word. He delayed the adieu, and the more he delayed the more he felt that he would have difficulty in saying it. But the night was passing.

Another hour and the first rays of the day would fall on that staircase condemned to see only the darkness. In bending over the last time toward the face of the dead, Julian perceived that the head rested on something. He put aside the hair: it was a book.

"I knew well," cried he, "that thou wouldst end by answering me! Give—give!"

Alas! in raising the head it remained in his hands. The neck was broken.

He could not restrain a cry, as if this misfortune had all at once made him a sacrilegious man. But he summoned up his courage, and a few moments after he was at home with the book.

He had recognized, even before opening it, a Bible like that which he had found two years and a half before in his cell at the Bastille. He saw that it inclosed also a certain number of manuscript pages; but what he experienced when he read the first lines we will not try to express.

"This day, December 24, 1686, this book has been given to me, John Mauriac, in the ninth year of my age, by my brother Louis, minister of the Reformed Church in this town of Meaux."

Thus this brother that the prisoner of the Bastille had so much loved and wept, it was the *curé* Mauriac! This name that the minister martyr had forgotten to write in the book the witness of his sufferings, God had not permitted to be forever unknown.

And it was to him, Julian, that this name was revealed! Had the revelation stopped there he would have been happy and almost proud of it. This joy that every man has experienced in finding himself master of a secret that is going to restore to some soul peace and happiness, was his in this moment. He forgot that death had reunited the two brothers; he saw himself taking the youngest by the hand and going to say to the eldest, "Behold! God restores him to you. . . He has remained your brother by faith as he was by nature." For Julian could not doubt that it was that which the Bible said in his coffin.

He did not deceive himself.

Let us, then, gather up, as we have done for the other brother, the principal passages of the rapid history confided to the sacred book.

Under the lines which we have quoted we read, "This day, May 15, 1687, my brother was arrested as he ministered to his usual congregation, and taken, by order of the king, to a castle they call the Bastille. I wished them to take me also, never having been separated from my brother, who has instructed and brought me up till now, since the death of our parents, in the knowledge and in the fear of God. But the soldiers said there was no order with regard to me, and it was

not the custom to shut up children in castles; in convents, well and good. I said that I would kill myself rather than allow myself to be taken to one of those houses of pestilence."

To the coarse writing of the child succeeded all at once after these lines that of the man of full age. The language also had changed, and while the prisoner brother had kept that of his youth, the other brother spoke that of the time.

"God restores me, then, after twenty years, this volume so dear to my childhood! I thought it destroyed; I find it again at the bottom of an old bookcase. They have succeeded, the wretches, in inspiring me with horror of my former religion. Yes, I thought thee lost, my poor brother. I cursed thee for having brought me up in thy belief; I blessed thy persecutors and mine for having snatched me from heresy.

"They threw me then in a convent. I did not kill myself as I said I would do, and I did well, for God did not wish it; but they killed my soul. Reasonings, menaces, chastisements, all were at first useless; but then, once broken, I was broken completely.

"Of my brother, moreover, no news; even today, I do not know if he is living or dead. His wife and his children had fled; they perished in crossing the Rhine. If he lives, does he know it? If he is dead . . . Ah! if he is dead, they are reunited above, and I alone am wanting to the family.

"My conversion seemed so assured that they wished to assure it still more by making a priest of me.

"M. Bossuet came himself to see me in my cell. His glory, his white hair, the goodness which he showed me, made me forget the sad part that he had played in our sorrows, and of which I had kept, although I had become a Catholic, a painful remembrance. His friendship changed into enthusiasm the desire with which they had inspired me of consecrating myself to the Church. When he ordained me priest—it was in 1703—I heard that he thanked God for having granted him this consolation before his death; and, indeed, a few months after he was no more. But I had seen him in his last illness, and he had not feared to assure me, with the authority that death gives as it draws near, that I should be one of the pillars of the Church.

"I had already published some controversial writings, and under his patronage they had had success. I undertook a new work, in which I proposed to myself to resume under a compact and popular form all that he had written on these questions. I was happy and proud of rendering this last homage to his genius and his zeal.

"It was there that God waited for me; but before seeing me again, it was his will that I should have time to see what there is of nothingness and suffering, far from truth, and far from him."

Mauriac entered then, in this place, in quite long details. In recapitulating for his work the arguments of Bossuet, he could not help finding them, on many points, singularly inexact. The testimonies borrowed from tradition and the fathers had appeared to him, in many places, so little conclusive, so doubtful, that he had need of recalling all his reverence for Bossuet not to ask if he in citing had himself believed them. To the catalogue of variations of the Protestant dogma he had opposed, without wishing it, the slow formation of the principal Catholic dogmas a variation more regular but very great; besides, if all these variations should be of the same side, that would not prove necessarily, did he say to himself that truth was on the other. Finally, the most praised of the writings of Bossuet, "The Exposition of the Catholic Faith," gave the last blow to his Catholicism. This Catholic faith was so little what he knew and what he saw to be that of councils, of Popes, of the clergy in their preaching, and, above all, in their practice, that the work of Bossuet appeared to him, to his great fright, like an audacious disavowal or a great imposture.

Now, he had been too well instructed to believe above all in the Church, in its doctors, particularly in Bossuet, not to have the fall of the human supports of his faith draw after it that of his faith itself. He had done what the eighteenth century was going to do, in detaching itself from Catholicism, it had recoiled at the first leap beyond Protestantism, beyond Christianity; he had no longer in the world and in his soul but incertitudes, but darkness, but impossibilities, renewed incessantly to arrive at nothing solid.

Julian found there his own history. But although this recital did not appear to offer him yet but the sad consolation of encountering a companion in misery, he felt himself becoming as he advanced calmer and happier, for the tone of the author was manifestly that of a man who speaks of the past; who sees himself now sheltered from the evils that he paints. There is then a port, thought Julian, since here is a man peaceably giving an account of the tempests! And the more he saw the resemblance between that man and himself, the more confidence he had, that what had raised up one would raise up the other; that what had saved one would save the other.

It was then with a lively emotion that he entered upon the second part of this recital—that

in which Mauriac related the reconstruction of his faith.

It was not, however, a detailed exposition of the points necessarily conquered of error and of doubt. Mauriac only spoke of it, as having spoken of it elsewhere, probably in the papers carried off by Campbell. He had evidently had no other object in these few pages than to draw up as an official act his return to Christianity, and to record in the sacred book what God had done for him.

But it is not details that make conversion. Archimedes asked to raise the world only a foundation. A foundation, that is what our heart also asks to raise this world of miseries under which it is bending, and more happy than Archimedes, it can have this support.

Poor controversialists, and, above all, poor philosophers, are those who can only see between Catholicism and the Gospel differences of form more or less, shades of the same dogma. There is an abyss between the two.

In the Gospel, it is God who regenerates and who saves; in Catholicism, it is man who believes himself the worker of his salvation.

Catholicism seems to abase human pride in demanding adhesion and submission, and nourishes it at the same time when it ought to be crushed.

The Gospel seems contrary to human liberty, because it puts every-where the action of God, and it is that which brings the true liberty—liberty in God. It exalts because it humbles; it saves because it condemns.

He whom God enables to accept this basis, though he may know nothing more of the special teachings of Christianity, he is Christian.

He who has known the teachings of Christianity and has not succeeded in believing them, if this same foundation comes at last to be placed in his heart, he sees all the edifice arrange itself speedily in a wonderful harmony. Of that which seemed superfluous, he perceives the utility; of what he believed disorder, he perceives the wisdom; what is above human intelligence, he resigns himself without effort not to sound, grateful for what he has, tranquil for what he has not, waiting patiently till his eyes open by death to a more brilliant light.

Such was the road that Mauriac had traversed—blessed road where the first step is every thing; where obstacles disappear as they are approached; and which brings you to the end in some way still more than you walk thither yourself.

Julian felt himself renewed. He prolonged even at pleasure this new birth—this bringing forth of his own soul to a life of peace and light



as the traveler who lights upon a pure spring, and who, sure of being able to quench his thirst at will, drinks slowly.

Several days passed in this work henceforth without anguish. Julian lived with Mauriac. He followed him step by step in a life mingled with troubles, but rich in signal applications of his new faith. The old Bible had received his confidences to the end. Ill, dying, he there deposited, day by day, the expression of his confidence in God, of his ardent desire to be reunited to him. No regret for life, except when the thought came that he might have been the instrument of the awakening of souls, perhaps even of a great Christian movement. But his humility soon repulsed this thought. The proof, said he to himself, that God had not destined him for this great part, was that God was going to withdraw him from the world. He accepted death, as he would have accepted life with glorious wrestlings. A few moments before his death he had done what we have seen done twelve years later by the prisoner of the Bastille. His Bible had received his last confidences and his last kisses. Two lines scarcely legible terminated his journal. The sentence was not finished. Perhaps he had expired in writing it.

Julian wondered that this life and this death, less beautiful and less touching than those of the minister prisoner, had more power over him. He comprehended that it was not only because this history so closely resembled his own, but, above all, because two new years of suffering had finished in his soul the great preparation. The soil tilled and broken up by doubt was at last ready to receive the seed of faith. The interior work had been done in appearing not to be done, and to become even impossible; it now met with the outward work, the Christian teaching, and the two could not meet together without at once uniting in a harmonious, complete, perfect whole. Man and God had each come half the way, or, rather, for Julian was already too far from old philosophic errors to attribute to himself a part in this new creation, God had led him by circumstances, by solitude and sorrow, unto the point where he was to find God.

But the reign of circumstances was henceforth finished. Of what use is the scaffold when the edifice is completed?

MEN are not prepared for a blessing which they do not feel the want of. They do not feel the deep want of a blessing which they are not at the trouble to pray for earnestly, and long, and fervently.

#### WASHINGTON AND THE CORNER-STONE.

BEING on a visit to Washington during the recess of Congress in the Spring of 1857, I walked one day with a friend to view the works which were then already in progress for the extension of the Capitol. As we sauntered among the pillars in the basement of the old building, we fell in with a venerable-looking man, having the appearance of a countryman, who seemed to be there on the same business that we were. We entered into conversation with him, and he informed me that he was a Virginian, raised a few miles down the river, not far from Mount Vernon.

"Very likely, then," we remarked, "you recollect General Washington."

"Perfectly well," he replied; "indeed I saw him when he laid the foundation of this building. I was but a boy then," he continued, "but I remember very distinctly how he looked, as he stood in this way over the stone, and settled it in its place with a pry. It was a huge stone, and, as placed, it must have required no little strength to move it. But the General was a very athletic man, and moved it apparently with ease. There were a number of boys there from our neighborhood, and it was a standing marvel to us how the General moved that stone. A few days after the General happened to be riding by our school-house on horseback, as we were playing outside. We all pulled off our hats to him, and he stopped his horse for a moment, and spoke to us very pleasantly. One of the boys cried out, 'Please, General, tell us how it was you moved that great stone up yonder, the other day?'"

"Why, boys," said he, smiling, "did I move that stone?"

"O yes, General, you moved it; we all saw you."

"Well, boys," said the General, looking very serious and speaking slowly, shaking his finger at us as he spoke, "do you see that nobody ever moves that stone again."—*A Correspondent of the Bangor Whig.*

ONE of the closest tests of a truly Christian spirit is the power to maintain a kind feeling toward persecutors and slanderers, and to pray for them sincerely. The necessity for this every professed Christian admits in theory, but how many, when tried, fail in practice! Reader, have you enemies? How do you feel toward them? Ask yourself the next time you bow your knees to pray.

## THE SOLILOQUY OF LIBERTY.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

O NATION of my hope,  
 Prove true, I said;  
 The lines of thy horoscope  
 My Chaldean lore hath read;  
 And far through the night burns an arc of light,  
 Where the prophet-star hath sped;  
 Prove true, I said.  
 By God's most sacred hand—  
 Prove true, I said—  
 Into a bountiful land  
 Thine infant steps were led;  
 And the flower and the vine gave honey and wine,  
 Thereby thy life was fed;  
 Prove true, I said.  
 Hurt by the wrath of kings—  
 Prove true, I said—  
 Thou, under the eagle's wings,  
 Didst shelter thy drooping head;  
 While the rain of thy wound did cover the ground,  
 Making the white rose red;  
 Prove true, I said.  
 To the holy truth of God  
 Prove true, I said;  
 Though struck by his chastening rod,  
 Or tried in the furnace dread,  
 Or chained, death-cold, to the rocks of old,  
 Where vulture hordes were fed—  
 Prove true, I said.

O people of my love,  
 Be free, I said,  
 Till all the fires above  
 From the altars of heaven are fled!  
 Till its halls of light have sevenfold night,  
 And the spheres are dumb with dread;  
 Be free, I said.  
 On Afric's golden strand—  
 Be free, I said—  
 The wild wind gave command  
 And the ships before it fled,  
 Till the Southern wine of this people of mine  
 With Afric's blood was red;  
 Be free, I said.  
 Ah! then fierce madness came—  
 Be free, I said—  
 The air was hot with flame,  
 And the earth with rivers red,  
 For the guns did roar from shore to shore,  
 Till the heart of the nation bled;  
 Be free, I said.  
 Down fell the slaver's whip—  
 Be free, I said—  
 And the clanking chains did slip  
 From limbs that shook with dread,  
 While the burning breath of that wind of death  
 At the smile of Jehovah fled;  
 Be free, I said.  
 Then all the people bowed—  
 Be free, I said—

For the bolt that hissed in the cloud,  
 From God's right hand had sped;  
 But heaven grew bright with sevenfold light,  
 For the sake of the royal dead;  
 Be free, I said.

O nation of my hope,  
 Live long, I said;  
 With the lines of thy horoscope  
 A threefold splendor is wed!  
 For thy stars, with the moon and the sun at noon,  
 On golden wings have sped;  
 Live long, I said.

Live till the seas go dry—  
 Live long, I said—  
 Till the sluices of the sky  
 Their last, soft dews have shed;  
 Till the roses pale, and the seasons fail,  
 And mountains bury the dead;  
 Live long, I said.

Thou nation of my heart,  
 Live long, I said;  
 Live till the stars depart  
 By the wan moon deathward led;  
 Till the sun drops down like a shattered crown  
 From an old king's dying head;  
 Live long, I said.

## DAY BY DAY.

BY ELVIRA PARKER.

DAY by day—ah, how appalling  
 Seems the voice forever calling,  
 Spirits, come!  
 And the souls that briefly tarried,  
 To earth's joys and sorrows married,  
 Seek their home.

Day by day some solemn token,  
 Or a warning sadly spoken  
 Comes to all;  
 That our links of life are failing,  
 Followed ever by earth's wailing,  
 Dirge and pall.

Day by day—O whither tending,  
 Downward ever or ascending  
 Speeds their flight!  
 Taught by Faith we seem beholding  
 To those spirits, then unfolding  
 Realms of light.

Day by day bright angels singing,  
 And seraphic harps are ringing  
 Welcome sweet,  
 Where now jubilant with gladness,  
 Those that parted once in sadness  
 Fondly meet.

Day by day—how vast the number,  
 Gathered to death's silent slumber  
 'Neath the sod!  
 Myriad souls from bondage breaking,  
 Earthly bliss and woe forsaking,  
 Rise to God!

## THE TRIUMPH OF MALCOLM LEE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"WELL, now, Stephen, what is to be done?" and the lady who asked this question looked up at her husband with that expression of perplexity, indecision, and solicitude, which plainly indicated that her mind was burdened with some great anxiety or sorrow, which she knew neither how to reach nor avert.

Mr. Gresham, the gentleman thus addressed, rose up from his chair, put his hands behind him, which was a habit of his, and walked up and down the room with a condensed, troubled look. At last he stood still before his wife.

"It's a hard question, Mary; I do n't know what to say. You are certain that Ellen loves this young man?"

The perplexed expression was quickly supplanted by one of absolute certainty.

"O, there is no doubt of that. I've seen it ever since she returned from Malden. I wish she had gone to the North Pole before she ever made that visit."

Now, Mrs. Gresham was a most estimable woman, but she was impulsive, a little nervous, and had a feminine habit of intensifying her speech, when she was in the least excited.

"But, my dear, there is neither wisdom nor righteousness in lamentations over those things which are passed, and which we can not restore. It is the present which we have to do with."

"I know it, Stephen, but I hate to look it in the face for Ellen's sake."

"But we *must* do it. Difficulties never grow less by running away from them." Mr. Gresham was one of those prompt, decided, energetic characters, which give one force and power in the world.

"Well, then, to commence with your up-and-down, straightforward way, Stephen," continued Mrs. Gresham, with a faint attempt at a smile, but which was contested by a certain sadness in her face, "Ellen loves this young man!"

"And you think he is not worthy of our daughter?"

"I'm afraid, Stephen; just think of his own brother—he was a forger, and when his crime was discovered, committed suicide, to save himself from State prison!"

"That was terrible. However, it is not his brother, but himself that Ellen would marry. I know how heavily such a fact would weigh with you, Mary, but you are sensible enough to know, that sad and painful as the matter is, the young man is not responsible for his brother's sin."

"I know it, and he is just the sort of man to strike a woman's fancy, or win her heart—handsome, intelligent, with fine social gifts, generous, and, in short, a favorite with every body—poor Ellen!" and these last words were drawn up with a sigh from the mother's heart.

"Well, now, let's have the facts in his disfavor."

"They are not strong ones, but enough to make me fear for the happiness of my child. People say he has n't got through sowing his wild oats yet. Not that he's dissipated or wild, even, in any harmful sense; but with his youth and high spirits, he's fond of pleasure, and is always first on hand 'at a party; he drives fast horses, he's off on sailing excursions, he's a member of two or three clubs. In short, he is n't at all the man for Ellen Gresham."

"So your folks said, my dear, before you consented to have me;" and a smile twinkled up pleasantly from the Florence gray eyes of Stephen Gresham.

His wife answered it now with one so sweet and tender, that it restored something of youth to the face which had passed beyond its fourth decade of years.

"Well, they lived to see their mistake, as does not always happen."

"No. Go on with your catalogue of objections."

"I've told you about all. This Malcolm Lee is a lawyer, as you know, of fine talents, energetic, and with bright prospects of rising in his profession. But do n't you see, Stephen, that I have reason for feeling deeply anxious about the future happiness of our child?"

"I think you have, Mary. I wish from my heart that Ellen's choice had been a man of whose Christian character and principle there could have been no doubt. Still, it is better to treat her love wisely and tenderly in this matter. It may be that the influence of a sweet, noble woman is just what the young man needs to strengthen and develop the finer and nobler side of him. Your fears are perfectly natural, but you have yet told me nothing which settles the matter in my mind."

"Well, then, what shall you do, Stephen?"

"I shall see this young lawyer, judge for myself, and give him a fair trial; and if he is worthy of Ellen, he shall not lose her for the sin of his brother."

"Ellen is too good a daughter to marry any man without our consent, but there was a look in her face when we last talked of this thing, which told me that she had sunk her life in the life of another."

"She would not have been her mother's child if she had not done this, Mary." And so the conversation betwixt Mr. and Mrs. Gresham terminated.

"Mother, have you told father?"

The voice which asked this question was burdened with such a weight of feeling that it fluttered and trembled, and fell into a husky kind of whisper, before it got through with the short sentence. Mrs. Gresham turned and looked at her daughter with pride, in which was a pang of something else.

There she stood by the mantle, with a dust-brush in one hand, and a stuffed golden oriole in the other, for Ellen Gresham had a pretty womanly habit of making grace and order about the house. She always left some fine delicate touch on every thing around her; and this dainty, artistic sense betrayed itself in her manner, in the tones of her voice, in the changes of her sweet face. Ellen Gresham was not beautiful, but she was singularly interesting, with fine, delicate features, and sweetness and intelligence seemed always striving for mastery in her face. She was just beyond her twenty-third birthday, an only daughter, whose life had been tenderly shielded by loving, but judicious Christian parents.

"Yes, Ellen, dear, I have told your father."

"And what does he say?" She panted out the words now, and leaned against a chair, for it seemed to Ellen Gresham that her life hung upon her mother's answer.

"I will not disguise from you, my child, that your father was not altogether satisfied; that in some respects he would rather your choice should have fallen on another, but it is yours, and he will respect it; and if this Malcolm Lee proves himself worthy of you, darling, your father will interpose no obstacle—we will give you to him."

"O, mother!"

The words did not say what the tones did, and Ellen Gresham sank down in the chair and burst into tears—a very natural reaction after the long fear and suspense that she had endured, for she was a loving and most dutiful daughter, and she had said to Malcolm Lee, "How much soever I may love you, I can never become your wife in opposition to my father and mother. I am all they have on earth. I have been the one pride and joy of their lives, and if it comes to breaking their hearts or my own, O, Malcolm, I must make the sacrifice." And if his heart rebelled against this decision, Malcolm Lee could not love Ellen Gresham less because she was so true and dutiful a daughter.

Mrs. Gresham's heart was touched to the very core, at the sight of her child's tears. She forgot even the sharp pain she had striven to subdue in silence, when she learned that another had taken her place in the affections of her idol.

"Do n't feel bad, darling, I hope it will come right. Your father was very, very kind, indeed. I thought he seemed quite disposed to look on the bright side of things."

"Mother, Malcolm Lee is worthy of me; he will prove to you yet how good and noble he is!"

And Ellen Gresham looked up with her fair face glowing with enthusiasm, and with something else which exalted and glorified it.

And as Mrs. Gresham saw that, she solemnly resolved in her own heart that she would never, by word or act, evince any disapprobation of her daughter's engagement.

In less than two weeks later, the matter was settled to the satisfaction of the elder parties, to the unbounded gladness of the younger. Mr. Gresham had several interviews with the lover of his daughter, and he was at once impressed in the young man's favor, as all were with whom Malcolm Lee was brought in social contact.

A careful investigation satisfied him that no shadow of reproach had ever fallen upon the young man's life or character, and the fond father consented to give Ellen, the idol of his heart, to Malcolm Lee to wife, in three years from that time.

A year and a half had passed, and one morning which fell among the opening days of Spring, Malcolm Lee walked up and down his office in the pleasant town of Malden, and said to himself in low, distinct, emphatic tones, "I wish I was dead!"

A little way off from him rolled the steel-blue waters of the river, the river which lay smooth between its green banks as a sheet of satin, while beyond that were the pleasant fields, laughing back with sprouting grass and budding clover to the sunshine which had come back, saying to the earth, "Awake thou that sleepest!" It was a morning full of beauty, and rejoicing, and praise, and it seemed for this reason doubly sad, that any heart looking out on the promise of the sunshine, reading the message that it brought, should turn away from it with the anguish that was in Malcolm Lee's face, and the despair in his tones.

Dear reader, it is no new story, only the old, old one—as old, alas, as Adam's sin—the story of temptation, and sin, and sorrow.

It was Malcolm Lee's social instincts, his quick, warm, impulsive nature, which first



brought him into a wrong moral atmosphere, and surrounded him with influences which slowly lowered and weakened his principles.

His love for Ellen Gresham would have counteracted all this, if he could have been frequently in her society; but Malden was a hundred miles from the city where she resided, and they met only at long intervals.

So Malcolm was thrown constantly with young men who prided themselves on their knowledge of the world, who had no higher aim or purpose in life than to enjoy themselves, who smiled, if they did not sneer at much that he had been taught to reverence—men to whom religion, self-sacrifice, and duty, were sounds void of depth or meaning. And Malcolm Lee listened to their talk, and laughed at their jests, and thought he was safe, and not taking heed he fell.

It was in this wise. He was invited to a sort of convivial supper, where cigars, wine, and finally cards circulated freely. The young lawyer was not aware how deeply he drank, but the consequence was that he was beguiled into a gaming saloon. He played and won; he played and lost. He drank still deeper, and so did his companions. A quarrel ensued, in which Malcolm was deeply involved. At last the combatants were separated, but not till Malcolm had struck his assailant a blow which felled him to the earth, and he was taken up and carried off, supposed to be dead.

This led to the arrest of the young lawyer. He was released from confinement on the following day, as the young man with whom he had quarreled recovered, and an attempt was made to hush up the matter.

But this was impossible. The thing was noised abroad. The aunt whom Ellen Gresham had visited at Malden, fearing for the happiness of her niece, and determining that she would in no wise hold herself responsible for an engagement she had at first attempted to promote, wrote at once to her brother, narrating to him the entire circumstances, and heightening their colors in her alarm for her niece's future, and unconsciously representing that the young man had fallen lower in life and in social estimation than the facts warranted.

The letter was a terrible shock to Mr. and Mrs. Gresham. It was an awful blow to the heart of their daughter—a blow which struck at the very roots of her life. But Ellen Gresham was a Christian; no earthly loss or change could kill her.

"I'm afraid she'll never lift up her head again," sobbed Mrs. Gresham to her husband.

"Better that, Mary," answered the sorrowing parent, "than that she should wed herself to

irremediable misery! I had rather lay the fair head of my Ellen under this young grass which is now sprouting over her brothers and sisters, than see her wedded to a man who had neither honor nor principle to keep him from evil. There is no hope nor promise for her future as the betrothed wife of Malcolm Lee."

And Ellen Gresham bowed her head to her father's decision, which her judgment, if not her heart, indorsed; and the young lawyer's letters were returned, and the engagement broken peremptorily—absolutely.

And the day after receiving the last brief letter from the woman who had been his betrothed wife, and whom he had loved with all the strength and tenderness of his youth, and with that deep reverence which the singular loveliness of her character had inspired, Malcolm Lee walked up and down his office, and his face was white with anguish, and his step uncertain, for the tempest which went to and fro in his heart, and he said to himself those words which no human lips have a right to utter before God.

And at last the young man threw himself on a chair before his window, and a little way off the river flowed on calm and deep betwixt its banks.

"There's no use in trying any longer," muttered to himself Malcolm Lee. "I'm a crushed, ruined man. My name is disgraced, my heart is broken, my hopes are dead, where I only wish my body was. Only twenty-six years old, and a disgraced, ruined man, for every body to point at, and scorn or pity, and say, you've followed in the steps of your brother, Malcolm Lee!"

And as the young man uttered these words, he glanced out of the window, and the fair green fields in the distance, in their garments of young grass, the shining banks, the joyful sunshine, stole with their light and warmth across the tempest in his soul, and the voice of God spoke softly in his heart.

"I will not give up my life so," said Malcolm Lee. "I will look the sin and the shame of that act which has wrought such woe for me straight in the face. I am sorry for it, but it shall not kill me. I will not leave Malden and go off a reckless, imbibed, desperate man, to give myself, because I have once fallen, to the devil. No, with the help of God, I'll be a man again; a better one, with deeper sympathies, and broader charity for others, because I too have been led into temptation. The blight which has fallen upon my life I must bear, and sweet Ellen Gresham will live to forget me, and be the wife of some other man she believes more worthy of her;" and here there went over

the fine features a spasm of sharp agony. "But even that shall not crush me. I will be worthy of the love that can never be mine. I have fallen, but God help me, I'll get up and stand again!"

Dear reader, you know "the fearful logic of evil," how one step in the downward road leads to another, and how all the strong forces of habit give steady impetus in the wrong direction; and when a man once faces sternly about in such an awful crisis of his youth, and resolves in his heart that he will not give up, that he will retrace the steps which have led him into evil, and live true to himself and the great purposes of his existence, God will help him!

And God helped Malcolm Lee.

Five years later, Mr. Gresham was on a brief visit at his sister's, in Malden, and she said to him, "I have sometimes felt, Stephen, that I was too hasty in writing you as I did, respecting Malcolm Lee. He is esteemed by all who know him as a man of spotless integrity, and I know of many instances of sympathy and generosity on his part for the poor and the fallen; and that he fell once may be said of many of the best and noblest men the world was ever blessed with."

"That is true," said Mr. Gresham.

"And Ellen, do you think she loves him yet?"

"I think so, although she is cheerful and happy now, and his name has not crossed her lips for years, still she has never been interested in another, and her heart is not one to take up a new song lightly."

"Poor Ellen!" said her aunt, "I meant it all for the best."

"I do n't doubt it," answered her brother.

But all that day, Mr. Gresham took grave counsel with himself, and the next day he went over to the office of the young lawyer, and had a long interview with him, and learned then and there the story of Malcolm Lee's temptation and fall, and the struggle and resolve, which, with God's help, he had been enabled to keep. And when Mr. Gresham returned to his home, he was the bearer of tidings strange and good.

A week later Ellen Gresham was alone in the parlor one morning, busying herself with a vase of red and yellow crocuses which a friend had sent her, as an early promise and hostage of the Summer. These five years had hardly changed her. There was the same childlike sweetness about the mouth, the same earnestness and intelligence in the large azure eyes, the same faint, wavering bloom in the oral cheeks.

Suddenly the door opened. "Will you give me your name to take to Miss Ellen," asked the domestic, and the lady looked up about to

announce herself, and she saw that her guest was—Malcolm Lee.

"O! Malcolm!"

The words stammered and struggled in her throat, and at last were buried in a sob, and she sank down in a chair, and her face was white as the faces of the dead.

Malcolm Lee came right forward, and he took both of her hands in his.

"Ellen, do you know all?" he asked.

"Yes—papa has told me."

"And do you forgive me?"

There flashed up an answer in the face of Ellen Gresham; an answer of such fullness and completeness of all he asked, that for a moment Malcolm Lee was overcome.

At last he spoke. "Ellen, I have loved you all the time, you only;" and he held her hands fast.

And through her thick-falling tears of joy and gratitude she answered,

"God has given you back to my prayers, Malcolm!"

---

### SUNSHINE.

BY LIZZIE MACE M'FARLAND.

GOD smiled upon the earth, and at his will  
The sentient Darkness shrank within her shroud,  
And o'er the trembling sea, Light, golden-browed,  
Flew with swift feet, his message to fulfill—  
The smile of God, expansive, sole, until  
The firmament was stretched above the cloud,  
And the tumultuous waters meekly bowed,  
And in their gathered fullness waited still.  
O, ocean rivers! joyful did ye run:  
O, mountain forests! how your founts were stirred,  
When calling forth the greater light, the sun,  
The mandate of the Effluent ye heard,  
Who spake on that fourth morn and it was done,  
And bathed you in the brilliance of his word.

---

### RAIN IN THE MORNING.

BY ADA HAWLEY.

O I LOVE to lie half-sleeping, half-waking,  
And dreamily list to the sound  
Of the rain coming down with musical plash  
On the roof or the passive ground;  
And then closing my eyes oblivious seem,  
That the hour for rising has come,  
While the lullaby-drip is heard in my dream,  
Mixed up with the outer world's hum.  
Delicious indeed are the half-waking dreams  
That float thro' my sleep-loving brain;  
While I heed not the morning's incoming beams,  
Nor the life just awakened that 'round me teems,  
But drowsily list to the rain.

THE TRUE CHRISTIAN WOMAN—A  
LIFE SKETCH.

MRS. MARY DANA DUSTIN.

BY PROF. LORENZO D. M'CAEE, D. D.

WHEN already the number of Christian biographies extant is so great, why, it may be inquired, write the memoir of any Christian? Different minds require for their profit and joy various pictures and diverse exemplifications of principle. Michael Angelo's grandeur of design, Raphael's perfection of human forms, Titian's gorgeous colorings, and Rembrandt's inimitable lights and shadows, respectively, make different impressions, and attract, thrill, and profit separate groups. Unconsciously the soul takes on that beauty and that only which it truly appreciates. What is true in the æsthetic is true likewise in the finest of all the fine arts; namely, the sculpturing from rude materials a Christian soul into the form and proportions that would gladden the angels of God. It is true there is a general similarity in all religious experience; nevertheless, in the soul life of every Christian there is something unique. Each servant of Christ that passes the boundaries of the ordinary into the knowledge and grace of God has some shade of experience peculiarly illustrative of some divine attribute, and more happily adapted to special individuals than any that precede in the holy livings of the Church.

To the end of time the world thoughts of the past must be denuded and reclothed upon with a dress suited to the varieties and idiosyncrasies of intellect which can be permanent no more than the color, shading, and position of the clouds of heaven. How it would abridge the pleasure and profit of him who admires the wonderful sky were the tints and localities of the clouds unvarying from day to day, and were there no varieties in rising and setting suns! Various modes of thought result from various qualities of mind and heart, and therefore uniformity is impossible. Religious experience and profession to be impressive, like modes of thought, must be adapted to their age. To a limited extent they may innocently and harmlessly be modified by language, manners, customs, and education. The styles of thought and expression prevalent in the current age, the improved psychologies, clearer and more comprehensive apprehensions of Biblical truths not only may but must exert some influence on spiritual life and experience. This modification renders them efficient and applicable to the ever-varying tortuosities of human society.

Who could condemn the botanist going forth

to valley and mountain to gather the flowers of 1862 for permanent preservation? But for him those specimens of Divine mechanism, those images and illustrations of the thoughts of God would fall, perish, be seen, and admired no more. But if they are embalmed in the herbarium, though dead, they will speak and shine forth the Creator's praise. To them the lover of flowers can turn in the drear of Winter and listen to their silent song so vocal still. Often will they cheer and teach him when no friend or teacher can be near. How much more reasonable and profitable to go forth through the flowery life of a wise, holy, and laborious Christian, to gather up and hive away the evidences of the power, the triumphs, and the blessedness of grace and truth!

Religious biography is one of the divinely-instituted means for the spiritual cultivation of the Church of God. Could all the results of this instrumentality be eliminated, and presented separately for our contemplation, we should be greatly surprised at their vastness. Often can the memoir of a holy soul go where the minister of Jesus can not, so opportunely will it frequently appear when she is far away. It often contains a word, a suggestion, an inspiration peculiarly adapted to the reader's spiritual necessities, and which she could find in no living example in the range of her acquaintance. How frequently have the words and experiences of Mrs. Fletcher energized into hope, animation, and victory that one who had well-nigh yielded to her enemies and was sinking in despair! A good memoir of a great Christian gives a focal brilliancy, power, and effect to a whole earnest life. Within the limits of a single gaze it photographs the battles, victories, wanderings, and rejoicings of forty years. It uncovers those serene heights attainable by mortals, and actually attained by one imperfect, perhaps, by nature as ourselves. It exhibits the Christian walking with the tread of a conqueror in her triumphant march to the city of God. In impressive light it delineates her crucifixion to all that warred with her spirituality.

If it be true, as Dr. Samuel Johnson has said, that the life of any one would be interesting and instructive, surely the memoir of a sensitive, reflective, laborious, and consistent lady, the companion of one of our Heaven-honored ministers, is worthy a place in a periodical devoted to the instruction and elevation of the great and blessed army of Methodist women.

The onsets, protracted struggles, and victorious triumphs of a soul contending with disease, difficulties, misfortunes, inborn spiritual frailties, and enemies numerous, fleet, and untiring can

not be contemplated without great religious profit. Surely the rays of Divine grace, power, and glory that gleam through such experiences into the mind of the devout reader, inspiring her with profound adoring of the Son of God and an unquenchable desire to be like him that she may see him as he is, ought all to be collected and concentrated. Every marked Christian has much personal influence and generally wide circles of acquaintances, who would be particularly and repeatedly encouraged and inspirited by perusing the memoir of one with whom they had often taken sweet counsel and walked to the house of God in company. Such an agency of doing good ought not to be neglected or lightly esteemed. A life so useful, exemplary, and faultless, one so illustrative of the potency of grace as that of Mrs. Mary Dana Dustin, should be chronicled and deposited in the temples of Zion and in the sanctuaries of Christian homes for the contemplation of many of the saints that are destined yet to live upon the earth. No one can prayerfully contemplate it without deriving from it noble and beautiful lessons. The writer of these memorials was selected, not on account of his fitness nor of his capability to do them justice, but because he knew so well, appreciated so highly, and loved so tenderly their sainted and venerated subject.

The opening sentence of the last sermon Jacob Young ever preached in Delaware, Ohio, was, "It is a great blessing to any man to have been born in a good community." A more intelligent, moral, and public-spirited community than was Newport, Washington county, Ohio, about a quarter of a century since is seldom found in this world. That town is associated with my earliest recollections as the place where resided the most excellent of the earth, such as the venerated Ebenezer Battelle, the father of Cornelius and Gordon, those eminent servants of the Church.

In this excellent community, on the ninth day of November, 1816, Mary Dana Dustin was born. Her father, William Dana, Esq., was a man of great intelligence and very commanding influence in the county. Mr. Dana and his excellent companion were persons eminent for piety. The privilege of such parentage and such associations can not be computed in rubies. To be grounded early in good principles by teachings, backed home by daily examples that never swerved from the right, and to be lured in the glad morning of life into the practice of all Christian duties are among the greatest privileges a human being can enjoy, and certainly the greatest blessing parents can bestow upon their children. How much such early dis-

cipline saves of danger to wreck and ruin in after-life! In the life of Mrs. Dustin we see the happy results of early training in the belief of the teaching and the practice of the duties of Christianity. "I can not remember," she often remarked, "when I did not have a desire to love the Savior." At the tender age of thirteen she was converted and publicly professed her faith in Christ by joining herself to his people. Immediately she became a cross-bearing, self-denying Christian. Even in the early part of her Christian course, on all suitable occasions, she witnessed to the reality of spiritual life and the efficacy of atoning blood. From the first and all the way through life she felt as David felt when he exclaimed, "My mouth shall show forth thy righteousness and thy salvation all the day, for I know not the numbers thereof." "Even in my youth and in the days of my prosperity," said she, "surrounded by my friends and comforts, I have found religion good, and the only substantial good, for the path of duty is the only path of true peace."

Mrs. Dustin's mind was of a superior cast and highly cultivated. In her mind one faculty did not appropriate the strength designed for several. It is the evenly-balanced intellect that secures great joy, progress, and usefulness. Generally, or at least frequently, geniuses are abnormal. They are, upon the whole, so joyless in themselves, and so destructive of comprehensive interest, that a community of them would be no better than a community of wretches. Her mind was not genius, but it was better and more desirable, for it was beautiful and beautifully poised. Her memory was ready, accurate, and capacious. Her imagination was rich and sparkling, and it never failed to do her bidding. It threw a gentle radiance over all her eye saw or her mind contemplated. Her judgment was a very rare one, and clear as crystal. Her will was equal to any emergency of duty, sacrifice, suffering, or suspense. In perusing her letters written at the age of seventeen one is struck with the vivacity of her intellect, the piquancy of her wit, and her strong common-sense. In addition to these mental endowments she had a large share of the instinctive wisdom of woman's nature. God gave her a soul susceptible of profound feeling, tender affections, and magnanimous impulses.

Her opportunities for early education were the best the State afforded. Through life she read extensively and as variously. You could trace in her mind and conversation the peculiar advantages and influences afforded respectively by the various departments of study and in-



vestigation. She read history, biography, poetry, travels, essays, and commentaries, all that could contribute to her happiness and usefulness, thus

"Having wisdom with each studious year."

Few daughters have ever loved a mother more tenderly or more sincerely. No company, nor gayety, nor amusement could make her forget what was due her parents. The thought that they suffered through fault or indiscretion of hers would make the brightest hour sad and change the happiest place into desolation. On the 28th of September, 1837, she was married to the Rev. M. Dustin, of the Cincinnati Conference. Never were hearts better or more happily mated, for each threw a blessed light over the way and down deep into the heart of the other. Said one, "I would prefer a wife with a good natural disposition, though unconverted, to one naturally turbulent, though unmistakably renewed." But Mrs. Dustin was richly endowed both by nature and grace. Never did a wife better serve, comfort, counsel, and support a husband. I never saw him bitter, depressed, croaking, anathematizing, or unwisely wailing that former days were so much better than the present. He may be gentler by nature than many of us; nevertheless, I think much of his sweetness has emanated from the serene life of his noble wife. To him she was always very respectful. Paul thought husbands were in danger of not loving their wives, and that wives were in danger of not sufficiently reverencing their husbands. To the former, therefore, he says, Love your wives, and to the latter he enjoins, See that ye reverence your husbands. Though Mr. Dustin showed great deference to his wife, and ever treated her with marked politeness and consideration to the very last, she manifested toward him that delicate respect and modest reverence for which so many husbands would be infinitely grateful, and which would have charmed a heart so loving and susceptible as Paul's must have been. When she married Mr. Dustin she married his fortunes and his destiny, and with cheering smiles walked abreast with him through them all, always taking, as one who had long known her says, the most cheerful view of circumstances and events. Bright-eyed cheerfulness went with her through the darkest seasons. From the moment she learned that he had resolved to become an itinerant minister she calmly made up her mind to a life of toils and sacrifices. Sadly she speaks of her pleasant home now to be hers no more. "Rooms, tables, chairs, windows, all seem as old friends. Here

are the trees I planted, the vines I trained, and the loved ones with whom I sported the hours of childhood and youth.

"Tell me, ye seraph sons of light,  
Is aught so like your mansion bright  
As childhood's home?"

"Notwithstanding parents, friends, and home are dear, there is one still nearer, and for whom I have cheerfully left them all to be a wanderer; and I know, too, that my husband toils and travels not for worldly gain. He is willing to leave all and spend his time and strength to sound the Gospel trumpet, and I am glad that it is so, for well I know

"When we come to lay us down at last  
In unattended sorrow on the bed  
Of death, O, then it will be sweet to think  
That we have toiled for other worlds than this."

Just before her marriage she wrote to Mr. Dustin: "Let us be thankful that God has opened an effective door for you to work in his vineyard. If you can be the means of bringing one immortal soul back to Christ you will be amply repaid for all your toil. May it be all your business, all your delight to lift up your warning voice and cry unto sinners! Pray on, preach on, it is a cause worthy every exertion and every sacrifice you can make. My daily prayer is that the presence of the Lord may go with you and keep you."

Mrs. Dustin had great interest in the respectability, dignity, and success of Methodism. Her honored companion is one of its worthy ministers, and to its service she unreservedly consecrated her earnest life and gifted nature. She had been reared in another of the grand divisions of the grand army of the Cross, and keenly felt those chafings and jarrings of the itinerancy which play such havoc with the health and nerves of the wives of Methodist preachers.

But, notwithstanding all her prepossessions, when the object of her best earthly love became an itinerant minister she followed him with sweet gladness out into all his numerous labors, toils, crosses, annoyances, and serious persecutions. Her elder says that he never heard her complain of an appointment—"Nihil difficile amanti." Frequently has she remarked to me, "We are but pilgrims." I have seen her in many trying situations, but I never saw her depressed. I never saw her manifest a spirit I would not willingly manifest and then lay myself down to die. For twenty-four years she shared the trials of the itinerancy, and in every field of labor her name and her memory are

cherished with heart-felt homage. Dr. Marlay, a very observing and discriminating mind, says of her: "I never knew a minister's wife more generally beloved."

Great as was her interest in the triumphs of our beloved Methodism, she was not scarred with the hoof-prints of prejudice. She soared high on the wings of universal benevolence, practicing on the noble motto of the English Wesleyan Methodists—"The friend of all, the enemy of none." Though she did not aim at being a reformer, her character was essentially formative. The sun could no more be in the heavens and not shine than Mrs. Dustin could be in any community and not exert a benign influence. In her company the wisest ministers felt that they were in the presence of one worthy of high consideration. But she was satisfied to work on unobtrusively in the modes established by the Church. Believing that sympathy was better than novelty, she thought she could best serve Christ by patiently exhibiting his spirit, and using the simple means of grace and modes of evangelization of his own divine appointment. She knew it required higher Christian life to be distinguished for spirituality and moral force in the use of the ordinary instrumentalities than it does to attract attention by the singular and the unusual. Her good sense kept her from fancying that, because she was favored with a rich and radiant religious experience and gifted with a wide door of utterance, she was, therefore, a reformer. Well did she know that a reformer must needs waste much of life and many opportunities of accomplishing valuable results in mere clatter, clamor, and éclat. To be of use in the world was with her a great desire. When very young, so consistent was her character, so deep and clear her experience of religion, and so excellent her endowments and advantages, she was called to give Bible instructions as a Sabbath school teacher. Within the space of a few months a large class of unconverted young ladies were happily brought to a knowledge of God through her instructions and prayers.

The mission of a wife of a minister is a very high one, but I know of no one who more perfectly met its various responsibilities. "She was a model wife for a minister of the Gospel," said an aged and venerated itinerant. The Preachers' Meeting in Cincinnati, Ohio, resolved, "That in her character were mingled those qualities of mind, and heart, and manners which pre-eminently fitted her for the position of a pastor's wife, which she filled with signal propriety and success for a quarter of a century." Em-

phatically she was a woman of one work, and that work to give prominence to and aid in the great mission of the Gospel of the grace of God. "She did more for the Church," said one, "than any woman I have ever known with equal strength." At the age of eighteen she wrote, "I have thought much upon these words, 'We are not our own.' How active should we be in doing God's will! I long to be molded into the perfect image of my Savior." As I have seen her on hard circuits, in uncultivated districts, in poor neighborhoods, cut off from civilization and refinement, and at the hearth-stone of the humblest and poorest, shedding the pure light of a holy, cultivated Christian lady's example, and luring her less favored sisters up to serenely walks and more elevated contemplations, I have thought how much more desirable her situation, lofty her destiny, and attractive her life, and how much greater her rewards than those of the greatly-to-be-pitied devotees of fashion, clique, and folly. It is said a good deed shineth as a candle in a dark world. To what should be likened a full life full of good deeds, and wise words, and loving kindnesses, and heavenly emanations of spirit, and outflowings of benevolence! Such was the life of Mrs. Mary Dana Dustin. How it rejoiced her to lift the meanest through the interval that separated them from the noblest!

The social element in Mrs. Dustin was very strong. What elegance of manner and fascination of address pure religion imparts to its possessor! If agreeability is the ticket admissible to elevated circles, and into communions where are realized the greatest enjoyment and improvement socially, then the intelligent, deeply-experienced, single-eyed follower of Christ never fails of a welcome, nor of making there a marked impression. If there was ever a lady that could make you feel easy, quiet, and at home it was Mrs. Dustin, and yet you felt you could not be coarse, careless, or rude, or indulge in unreasonable remarks before her. She brought all the resources of her mind into exercise in a manner agreeable to society. She delighted to make others happy. Why is it that we do not oftener see ladies that can inspire us with reverence and yet admit us into all the fascinations of refined and agreeable intercourse? Surely she who is without duplicity, diffidence, or display is the most agreeable and winsome in social life. In conversation with Mrs. Dustin no one ever felt that he must consent to be annoyed with flatness and nonsense, or assume to be interested in twaddle, thereby doing injury to his own truthfulness of character, or that he must be downright impolite and break

away and say life is too precious to be squandered on uninteresting people. Not to have information enough to talk well and yet without judgment enough to be silent are very great misfortunes. Mrs. Dustin had information and originality, and both under the command of an excellent judgment. She had wise counsel for those in suspense, words of warning for the careless, animating strains for the desponding, genial wit for the innocently mirthful, indignation for the wronged, and sympathy and tears for all the sorrowful. She had a mind quick to perceive weaknesses of character, infirmities of nature, and unrightness of spirit, but she only spoke of those exhibitions to do good, and then with tender pity and a single eye. No one ever heard coarse railing, degrading gossip, lampooning, or bitter sarcasm from her lips. Knowing that a sharp tongue is the only edge-tool that grows keener by use, she sheathed carefully in velvet, and, like the celebrated Grattan, torture could not wring from her a syllable of self-praise. All the social power she possessed she wielded not to depress or annoy others, or to accomplish selfish purposes, but for the glory of God and the good of souls. Gracefully could she have moved through any circles in society, but she especially loved the communion of saints. O, how often does the famished soul pant for religious communings! Must it ever be so? Can we not have more heart-felt Christian intercourse and conversation among professing Christians? She was conscientious, faithful, prayerful, and unremitting in her efforts to train her children in the fear of God. She believed that special confidence in God as to their spiritual welfare would be rewarded with special blessing. She laid her children upon the bosom of God with that full confidence which the single eye and a soul fully consecrated alone can inspire. How many parents overlook the duty and its rewards of such trustful confidence in God relative to the salvation of their household! To her son, a soldier for the war in our noble army of volunteers, she dictated messages with all the yearning of a mother's heart, and with all the strength of a Christian faith. Thoughts and prayers for him engrossed her mind, even while entering into the glories of the New Jerusalem. Even in hearing of the acclamations of seraphim she could not forget her exposed boy in the mountains of Virginia.

If exalted views of life, of its relations, filial, marital, parental, social, philanthropic, and evangelic, could make a woman exalted, then Mrs. Mary Dana Dustin was an exalted woman. Her character was without a blot, and her beautiful life wholly irreproachable. Her relig-

ious experience was clear, rich, and deep. She wrote in 1836: "Repeated wanderings had brought coldness into my soul. But while listening to a sermon on the text, 'Submit yourselves, therefore, to God,' I felt the truth laid on my heart with the weight of a millstone, that there were heights and depths in religion that I knew nothing of, and the reason was I had not submitted myself entirely to God. I knew that all my affections and faculties were not so consecrated to his service as to make the submission a complete one. I felt I must have more of the love of God in my soul. I saw the holiness of his character, and most earnestly desired to be conformed to his blessed image. An agony of spirit came over me. I tried to yield my heart entirely to the Lord. I wrestled, resolved, covenanted, and prayed till—forever blessed be the name of my Great High-Priest and Intercessor!—I felt a peace, a confidence, a trust in God to which I had hitherto been a stranger. When I left that meeting I felt more than ever that I was not my own. Since that time the Lord has continued the manifestations of his love to me, and I am happy. O, how good it is to get near to the foot of the cross, to feel the precious fountain that flows forth on Calvary, applied to the washing away of every stain that sin has made! A reconciled God! Who can estimate the value of such a blessing?"

She believed in Christianity without the shadow of a doubt. I was ever struck with this feature of her religion. She talked, acted, looked as if she were less certain if possible of the existence of an external world than of the invisible, the spiritual, and the eternal. Her personal trust in the Redeemer was without unbelief or reserve. She often repeated, "I am a poor, miserable sinner, but Jesus died for me. I have been so unfaithful it seems strange that I am not troubled with doubts and fears, but I am as sure of heaven as if I were already there, because Christ died for me. I shall live forever. The stars may fade away, the sun himself grow dim with age, and nature sink in night, but I shall live on and live forever. O, death, I am not afraid of thee! My Savior is stronger than thou art."

Another feature in her experience deeply impressed me. She was faithful to her trials. It is a thing as important as it is difficult and unusual to obtain from our trials the lessons and spiritual benefits God designed. She was not so anxious to avoid or get through the anguish of the affliction as she was to wring from it that spiritual refinement God was aiming to secure for her. Without trials she knew

no one could be what she ought to be. She never despaired of self-conquest. She submitted uncomplainingly to feeble health, bereavements, and mortifications. Out of every affliction she came with renewed consecrations and renewal of covenants. She was grateful. "When I count my mercies I find," she writes, "that they are numberless. O, may I never forget the merciful kindness of my Heavenly Father! I hear a voice constantly saying, 'Set your affections on things above.'"

She had lived so faithful and walked so softly before the Lord that when, on the 15th of April, 1862, she drew near to her house not made with hands, God honored her with a view of the golden gates of the eternal city. She saw its celestial spires glittering in the sunbeams of immortality.

"Already from the seat of God  
A ray upon her garments fell."

"The angel of death," says she, "is spreading his wings over me, but Jesus has taken from me the fear of death. His presence disperses my gloom. Though I walk through the valley I fear no evil. I hear the Savior saying, 'Come home, weary pilgrim, come home.' I know in heaven there is a beautiful place for me. After such suffering will not the rest of heaven be sweet? My father, and mother, and two sisters are in heaven, and soon I shall be there. My father saw the angels coming for him, and now they are coming for me.

"O, if my Lord would come and meet,  
My soul would stretch her wings in haste, Th  
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,  
Nor feel the terror as she passed."

"As my friends crowd upon me my soul exults. Do n't think I have forgotten the Savior because I have not been talking of him. I am too feeble to talk; it excites me. But I have his presence all the time. Precious Jesus! I love him, and I know that he loves me. As far as the east is from the west so far hath he separated my sins from me. We shall not meet here again, brother Marlay, but we shall meet on the shining shore." In a few minutes she sweetly rested in Jesus.

"After life's fitful fever she sleeps well."

In her life the exalted virtues of the true Christian woman were exemplified, and in her death she has shown how the Christian's faith stands unappalled by the gloom of the dark valley.

A year after the death of his wife the immortal Chief Justice Marshall thus writes: "While all around is gladness my mind dwells

on the silent tomb, and cherishes the remembrance of the beloved object which it contains. On the 25th of December, 1831, it was the will of Heaven to take to itself the companion who had sweetened the choicest part of my life, had rendered toil a pleasure, had partaken of all my feelings, and was enthroned in the inmost recess of my heart. Never can I cease to feel the loss and to deplore it. Grief for her is too sacred ever to be profaned on this day, which shall be during my existence marked by a recollection of her virtues. On the 3d of January, 1783, I was united by the holiest bands to the woman I adored. From the moment of our union to that of our separation I never ceased to thank Heaven for this its best gift. Not a moment passed in which I did not consider her as a blessing from which the chief happiness of my life was derived. This never-dying sentiment, originating in love, was cherished by a long and close observation of as amiable and estimable qualities as ever adored the female bosom. To a person which in youth was very attractive, to manners uncommonly pleasing, she added a fine understanding and the sweetest temper which can accompany a just and modest sense of what was due to herself. She was educated with a profound reverence for religion, which she preserved to her last moments. This sentiment, among her earliest and deepest impressions, gave a coloring to her whole life. Hers was the religion taught by the Savior of man. She was a firm believer in the faith inculcated by the Church. I have lost her, and with her I have lost the solace of my life. Yet she remains still the companion of my retired hours, still occupies my inmost bosom. When alone and unemployed my mind still recurs to her, and often I repeat the beautiful lines written by General Burgoyne under a similar affliction—

'Encompassed in an angel's frame  
An angel's virtues lay;  
Too soon did Heaven assert its claim  
And take its own away;  
My Mary's worth, my Mary's charms  
Can never more return;  
What now shall fill these widowed arms?  
Ah me! my Mary's urn!  
Ah me! ah me! my Mary's urn!"

#### RELIGION.

THE moral virtues without religion are but cold, lifeless, and insipid; it is only religion which opens the mind to great conceptions, fills it with the most sublime ideas, and warms the soul with more than sensual pleasures.



**PICTURES FROM THE LIFE OF  
NAPOLEON.**

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALEXANDER DUMAS.

BY REV. E. F. CARY, D. D.

GENERAL BONAPARTE.

THE proposition to unite Kellerman with him in command was rejected, as we have seen, and Napoleon was permitted to pursue his own course. Then he made his solemn entrance into Milan, where, notwithstanding the Directory had signed at Paris the treaty of peace negotiated by Salicetti at the court of Turin, and the negotiations commenced with Parma were terminated, and those with Naples and Rome were open, he prepared for the conquest of Upper Italy. The key of Germany is Mantua. Mantua, then, he is obliged to seize. One hundred and fifty pieces of cannon taken at the castle of Milan are sent to that city. Serrurier bore them away; the siege commenced. Then the Cabinet of Vienna felt all the gravity of its situation. It sent aid to Beaulien, twenty-five thousand men under the command of Quardanowitch, and thirty-five thousand under those of Wurmser. A Milanese spy was sent with dispatches, who announced these reinforcements, and attempted to penetrate into the city. The spy fell in with the night guard commanded by Dermencourt, and was taken to General Dumas. Vainly did they search him; they found nothing on him. They are ready to turn him loose when, by one of those revelations of destiny, General Dumas divines that he had swallowed his dispatches. The spy denies it. General Dumas orders him to be shot; the spy confesses; he is placed under guard by the aidecamp Dermencourt, who, by means of an emetic administered by the chief surgeon, becomes the possessor of a ball of wax about the size of a marble. It incloses a letter from Wurmser written on parchment with a raven's quill. That letter gave the most particular details of the operations of the enemy's army. The letter was sent to Bonaparte. Quardanowitch and Wurmser are divided; the first marches on Brescia, the second on Mantua. It was the same fault which had already lost Provera and Argentan. Bonaparte leaves ten thousand men before the city, goes with twenty-five thousand after Quardanowitch, whom he chases into the gorges of the Tyrol after having beaten him at Salo and Lonato. Then he immediately returns after Wurmser, who learns the defeat of his colleague by the presence of the army which has conquered him. Attacked with French impetuosity, he is beaten at Castiglione. In five

days the Austrians lost five thousand men and fifty pieces of cannon. This victory gave time for Quardanowitch to rally. Bonaparte rejoins him and beats him at San Marco, at Sarravalle, at Rovered. Then he returns after the battles of Bassano, Rimoland, and Cavalo, and lays siege a second time to Mantua, in which Wurmser had entered with the wrecks of his army.

Here, while these events were progressing, States are formed around him, and are consolidated at his word. He founds Republics on either side of the Po, drives the English from Corsica, and keeps in check Genoa, Venice, and the Holy See, which he prevents from rising.

It was in the midst of these vast political combinations that he learns of the approach of a new imperial army conducted by Alvingi; but there was a singular fatality attending all these men. The same fault committed by his predecessors Alvingi commits in his turn. He divides his army in two corps, one, composed of thirty thousand men, who, directed by him, should traverse Verona and gain Mantua; the other, composed of fifteen thousand men, who, under command of Davidowich, should march to the Adige. Bonaparte marched against Alvingi, joins him at Arcola, struggles three days with him face to face, and does not leave him till five thousand are dead on the field of battle, eight thousand taken prisoners, thirty pieces of cannon taken; and then, out of breath, from Arcola launches himself between Davidowich, who marches from the Tyrol, and Wurmser, who leads his forces from Mantua; he throws one back into the mountains, the other into the city, learns on the field of battle that Alvingi and Provera have just made their junction, sends Alvingi on the route to Piroli, defeated by the combats of Saint Garges and of the Tavorite, forces Provera to surrender his arms. At last, unembarrassed by all his adversaries, he returns to Mantua, invests it, presses the siege, overwhelms it, and obliges it to surrender at the moment when a fifth army, detached from the reserves of the Rhine, advances, led by an Archduke. No humiliation escapes Austria; the defeats of her generals reach even the throne.

On the 10th of March, 1797, Prince Charles was beaten at the passage of the Pagliamento. That victory opened the States of Venice and the gorges of the Tyrol. The French advance rapidly by the way opened to them, triumph at Lavis, Trasmis, and at Clausen, enter Trieste, carry Tarvis, Gradisca, and Villach, push forward in the pursuit of the Archduke, whom they never abandon but to occupy the routes to the capital of Austria, and at last penetrated within thirty leagues of Vienna.

A year had elapsed since he had left Nice, and in that time he had destroyed six armies, taken Alexandria, Turin, Milan, Mantua, and planted the tri-colored flag on the Alps of Piedmont, of Italy, and of the Tyrol. Around him have commenced to become illustrious the names of Massena, Augereau, Joubert, Marmont, Berthier. The Pleiades were formed, the satellites revolve around their sun, the heaven of the empire is set with stars.

Bonaparte was not deceived. Embassadors arrive. Leoben is fixed as the seat of the negotiations. Bonaparte has no more need of full powers from the Directory. He has made war, he will make peace. See the position of things, wrote he. Negotiations even with the Emperor become a military operation. Nevertheless, that operation does not drag along. All the arts of diplomacy bewilder and fatigue him. But a day comes when the lion is tired of being in the net. He rises in the midst of the discussion, seizes a magnificent porcelain vase, breaks in pieces and tramps it under foot, then turning to the stupefied plenipotentiaries—"It is thus that I will pulverize all of you," said he to them, "since you wish it."

The diplomatists return to sentiments more pacific. They read their treaty. In the first article the Empêrôr declares that he recognizes the French Republic. "Strike out that paragraph," cried Bonaparte; "the French Republic is like the sun above the horizon, and those are blind who are not struck with its brightness." Thus at the age of twenty-seven Bonaparte holds in one hand the sword which divides States, and in the other the balance which weighs kings.

The Directory in vain points his way. He marches in his own; if he does not yet command he no more obeys. The Directory wrote to him to recollect that Wurmser was an emigrant; Wurmser fell into the hands of Bonaparte, who had for him all the regard due to misfortune and age. The Directory tried intrigues against the Pope; Bonaparte always wrote to him with respect, and called him most Holy Father. The Directory banished the priests, and proscribed them; Bonaparte ordered his army to regard them as brothers and honor them as ministers of God. The Directory tried to exterminate even the vestiges of aristocracy; Bonaparte wrote to the democracy of Genoa blaming them for the excesses to which they had carried the opposition to the nobility, and informed them that if they wished to preserve his esteem they must respect the statue of Doria.

On the 15th Vendemiaire, (8th October,) the 6th year of the Republic, the treaty of Campo-

Formio was signed, and Austria, to whom Venice was left, renounced its rights on Belgium and its pretensions on Italy. Bonaparte left Italy for France, and on the 15th Frimaire of the same year, (5th December, 1797,) he arrived at Paris.

Bonaparte had been absent two years, and in that two years he had taken one hundred and fifty thousand prisoners, one hundred and seventy flags, five hundred and fifty pieces of cannon, nine vessels of 64 cannons, twelve frigates of 32 guns, twelve corvettes, eighteen galleys, and more still, having, as we have said, taken from France two thousand louis, he had taken many thousands, had sent near fifty millions to France; against all traditions, ancient and modern, the army had nourished the country. With peace Bonaparte had seen the end of his military career. Not being able to remain in repose, he was ambitious to be one of two Directors who were then going out. Unfortunately he was only twenty-eight years of age. It would be a violation of the Constitution so great and so positive that he did not even dare to make the proposition. He reëntered his little house in *la rue Chatereine*, struggling to advance by the combinations of genius against an enemy more terrible than any he had combated before that time.

"One can not preserve long in Paris the remembrance of any thing," said he. "If I remain long idle I am ruined. One renowned name constantly replaces another in this great Babylon, and they will not see me more than three times in the theater till they will cease to notice me."

[The key to the innermost recess of Napoleon's heart is found in this brief paragraph. He was consumed by the unquenchable fires of an ambition that never dimmed till they were smothered in the storm of Waterloo and quenched in the death agonies of St. Helena. We would to God that there were scintillations of a higher, holier manhood. Whatever of good sprang up in his track was only the richness imparted to blood-drenched fields, and the rank products of a force that was like the whirlwind—fierce and destructive. Lightning, fire, earthquakes, tempests may do good; they never make that the end of force; they will it not.—*Trans.*]

If God will be so good that he will give you a crown of glory without your asking for it, then he is so good that he will give you a harvest without your being at the trouble of sowing, and bread without your being at the trouble of working.

## LITERARY SKETCHES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

BY REV. DANIEL CURRY, D. D.

MISS FRANCES BURNEY—MADAME D'ARBLAY.

THE picture of the "Literary Party at Sir Joshua Reynolds's," which hangs over the fireplace of my study—of which picture I gave some account in a former paper—has among its foreground features the full-length form of Dr. Charles Burney. He sits between Burke and Goldsmith, his left hand resting upon his knee and his right elbow upon the table, bringing his right hand to the side of the face. His countenance is all alive with attention; his eyes directed toward Johnson at the further end of the table, while his thin and care-worn face indicates at once the *spirituel* in his character and the wastings of intense and continuous labor. Some of my not intelligent visitors, as they look upon that picture, turn to me and ask, who was this Charles Burney?

He was an Englishman, of Shropshire, but of Irish extraction. The family name was originally Macburney, but the father of him of whom I am writing, after he had been disinherited for an indiscreet marriage, dropped the *Mac* from his name and set up for a dancing-master at Chester. His son Charles at a very early age evinced a decided taste for music, and so was apprenticed to a celebrated musician in London, in which position he enjoyed every facility for advancement in his chosen profession. He accordingly became a proficient in music, both as a performer and a composer, and, better still, he became the historiographer of his favorite art, was made *Doctor of Music* by Oxford University, and assigned a respectable place among men of letters. But respectable as was the position to which Dr. Burney raised himself and his family during his lifetime, his posthumous fame is derived chiefly from two of his children—his son, the Rev. Charles Burney, D. D., a celebrated scholar and divine of the last generation, and his daughter Frances, often called by her marital name, Madame D'Arblay, of whom I am now about to write.

Frances Burney became an orphan by the death of her mother while yet in her childhood. Her father's professional engagements occupied all his time, and his family were left mostly to the care and the society of the servants and of each other. Her older sisters were, indeed, sent abroad to school, but she, having first learned to read, was left to develop her mind as inclinations and accidents might dictate. Her father's library was large, but not of a

character to gratify the tastes or to give the requisite bent and stimulus of thought to a mind craving literary enjoyments. Very few works of a purely-literary character were found in it; only a single novel—Fielding's *Amelia*—nor does it appear that she was much addicted to reading. The social position of the family was anomalous. On the home side they belonged to the middle class, and were scarcely distinguished from the better grade of artisans and shop-keepers, while on the other, through the father's professional occupations and associations, they were brought into contact with some of the highest ranks of London society. His social musical festivals often brought together at his modest dwelling in Poland-street companies scarcely less brilliant than those that graced the mansions of the nobility at the West End. He also had a decided and most appreciative taste for literature and a great reverence for literary men. Soon after the publication of the *English Dictionary* he made the acquaintance of Johnson, and by the suavity of his manners, and his honest but earnest reverence of the great essayist, won for himself a place in the Johnsonian circle. Hence his appearance upon this picture.

Dr. Burney's high appreciation of the learned circle into which he was thus introduced was fully reciprocated by those to whose society he was brought. While Burney offered a profound worship to the genius of Johnson, Johnson regarded Burney as a man fully deserving the sincere respect of all who knew him. Garrick, when at the height of his popularity, was often but too well pleased to escape from the hollow flatteries of the great to enjoy true fellowship with a fellow-artist, and to play with the children at the Poland-street cottage. Colman, and Burke, and Goldsmith, and Barretti, and Hawkesworth, all delighted to mingle in the congenial company that was sure to greet them in the little parlor of their musical friend and associate, while the most celebrated performers of the times, and such of the nobility as either from taste or vanity addicted themselves to the arts, were often found in the same companies. And since then, as always where the carcass is there the eagles will congregate, the Boswells, the Kendricks, and the Kelleys were often found mingling in the train.

While all this brilliant concourse frequented her father's house little Frances was the observant of all, but scarcely the observed of any. She was no musician, no conversationist, was easily abashed, and eluded even the suspicion of the learned visitors at her dwelling that she possessed capabilities that would some day raise

her to distinction. But all this time she was learning from the open volume before her lessons of character and of society. She early disclosed a predilection for fictions, not as a reader, however, but as an inventor. While yet comparatively a child, she would amuse her sisters with stories she had composed, the materials for which she drew chiefly from the scenes and persons which she had seen in her father's house. The sisters were amused by them, but the father was too much occupied to give them any attention. At fifteen, by the second marriage of her father, Frances became the subject of the care of a step-mother, by whose well-meant but ill-judged authority all her scribbling propensities were suppressed, and the youthful genius made to restrain itself within more rational and utilitarian pursuits. Her afternoons, however, after the early dinners of the family, were still at her own disposal, and she continued to use her pen in keeping a diary and in letter writing.

Among the intimate friends of the Burneys was Dr. Samuel Crisp, a man—though now almost forgotten—of great worth, learned, cultivated, and upright, but somewhat melancholic and misanthropic. Crisp had actually committed the folly of hiding from the world—no difficult matter for any one who really attempts it—and only a few chosen friends knew his retreat. Among these few were the Burneys, of whom Frances was his especial favorite. Between the self-exiled sage and the timid little genius of Poland-street a lengthy and familiar correspondence was carried on. Fanny gave to her "Daddy," as she playfully styled her venerable correspondent, graphic accounts of the concerts at her father's, and of the characters she was there brought into contact with, and he in turn discoursed wisdom to his little "Fannikin," as she in turn was called by him, and drew out her latent resources of mind and heart into vigorous but healthy activity. In this strange manner the future celebrity was educated for her life mission.

The strange propensities to invent and write stories, which her step-mother's care had for a while repressed, now returned with increased power. She almost involuntarily fashioned the images that floated in her mind into groups, and formed them into related forms and characters. She wrote not because she wished to produce something, but because she could not help it. The thoughts were in her mind, and they would organize themselves and assume their several attitudes and positions, and so become a correlated unity. By degrees these shadowy fancies changed into fixed ideas and sought to

be embodied in written forms. A book was so produced, and "Evelina" became a reality in fact as well as in conception.

From the composition of a first work to its publication is a perilous and painful stage, full of hopes and fears, and often charged with the literary destiny of the expectant author. Among the motives which govern in such cases is the desire to see how the things will be received by the public. Few of the pleasures of an authorship are more highly relished than that afforded by some nameless production, whose unknown author is quietly looking on and enjoying the commotion he has made. Miss Burney wished to see her story in print, but had no wish to expose herself to the public gaze as its author. An anonymous publication was accordingly resorted to. Her father consented to the arrangement, though he was quite ignorant of the character of the production, and a Fleet-street publisher, of but little reputation, was induced to give twenty pounds for the manuscript. In January, 1778, "Evelina" appeared, unheralded, and apparently only born to die. Novels generally were then in bad repute among serious people, and stories of young ladies' entrance into societies had been published even to satiety. But little was therefore to be hoped for this new candidate for popular favor, and for a while the results answered to the promise. But after a few days the keepers of circulating libraries began to observe that "Evelina" was greatly sought after, and presently the press noticed it not altogether unfavorably, and guesses as to its authorship indicated by the persons named a high estimate of its worth. The publisher had been kept in entire ignorance of the author of the story, and so the closeness of the secret only heightened curiosity and increased the interest of the public in the production. But at length the secret was divulged, and a new star took its place in the literary galaxy. Thenceforth Fanny Burney was a recognized member of England's literary *guild*. The great men who had before mingled with the crowds at her father's concerts and scarcely remembered the demure young woman whom they had seen there, now hastened to atone for past neglects by their hearty flatteries. Burke, and Windham, and Sheridan, and Reynolds, all came to do her reverence, and after these, of course, the admiring host was legion. Johnson was then domiciled at Streatham—and the Burneys had no more sincere friend than he—and Mrs. Thrale came early into possession of the secret—after that no longer a secret—of the authorship of "Evelina." The great critic spoke in characteristic words of commendation of the tale, preferring it to



any thing that Fielding had written, and confessing that even Richardson—whose novels he esteemed as wholly unequalled—might be alarmed at its success. When next he met the hitherto unnoticed but now illustrious author, he patted her face, told her to be a good girl, and thenceforward called her "my little Burney." Miss Burney was no doubt gratified by the praise that thus greeted her advent among authors, not only when awarded by the learned and gifted, but equally so when at Bath or Tunbridge Wells the crowds followed her, and the shy glances or suppressed whispers of the less demonstrative assured her that she had indeed achieved notoriety. But she experienced a more lively satisfaction in the commendations of her father, who at length found time to read her book, and in the chidings of "Daddy" Crisp for daring to print it without his approbation.

The perilous adventure had been made and succeeded, but only to make sure greater perils in the future. Fanny Burney had written herself into a reputation without designing it; it was now to be feared that she, as many others have done, would write herself out of that reputation by her further undertakings. But that which had given her renown had brought her but little money, and it was quite certain that her next effort could be made pecuniarily profitable. All her literary friends encouraged her to try again, and as writing for the stage promised to pay best, that was chosen by her as the next field for the exercise of her genius. Johnson promised his advice whenever needed, and other distinguished play-mongers offered their good offices. A comedy was soon written and presented for inspection, and all the great critics were either too much dazzled by the fame of "Evelina" to see its defects or afraid to name them, so that the piece seemed to be on the open road to that more relentless tribunal, the public stage, where favored mediocrity so often discovers itself when it is too late to profit by the discovery. Fortunately this time "Daddy" Crisp was not neglected, and he who had become disgusted with the world because his own favorite tragedy had failed, had yet the discretion to warn his young friend of the certain danger that awaited her if she should venture upon the same perilous path. The advice was wisely and candidly given, and, what is yet more unusual, it was received in the same spirit, and the unpromising candidate was withdrawn, to the great relief of many who had loudly praised it and predicted its success. The whole case is a remarkable one, because such cases are so unusual, and it is alike honorable to the friend who gave unwelcome counsel and to the friend that

received it. She had escaped a shipwreck which probably would have proved fatal, and now she had time to review her affairs and choose her further course. Her effort as a novelist had been successful, and she felt that in that field her resources were not exhausted. She therefore wrote another tale, using the form of fictitious narrative as a vehicle on which to pass before the eye of the reader a succession of characters as various and yet as truthful as the comic pictures of a town meeting or a court-house scene. Delineation of character was her *forte*, and in "Cecelia" the fair authoress gave to her powers their freest bent in their highest speciality. And it was a success. Her impulsive and too partial friends, who had tremblingly commended her comedy, now spoke out with confidence and even with enthusiasm, and, better than all else, "Daddy" Crisp declared that he would assure its success for half a crown. Its appearance was awaited with unusual impatience, and when it appeared it was snatched up with an avidity seldom equaled, and the reading itself satisfied the high expectations that had been raised respecting it. Since that time *Evelina* and *Cecelia* have been standard English novels, and the name of their author has been recognized as one of the brightest in our literature. That was in 1782, when Miss Burney was thirty years old.

The succeeding three or four years of her life passed quietly onward. She was, indeed, called to mourn over the loss of some of her cherished friends. "Daddy" Crisp and Dr. Johnson at mature ages each passed over the dark river, and the hospitable mansion at Streatham, the seat of the Thrales, was first veiled in sorrow by the demise of its lord, and not very long after, in shame, on account of the marriage of its widowed mistress to a vagrant Italian. But the young heart in the plenitude of wellbeing is seldom long clouded by the bereavement of friends, however truly loved and sincerely mourned, and the desolation caused by their death is easily remedied while the heart is yet buoyant and the germs of new friendship are yet active in the spirit. Among the distinguished acquaintances gained to her by her literary reputation was the now aged Mrs. Delany, the near relation of George Grenville and Lord Landsdowne, and the widow of Dr. Delany, who had been celebrated both as a scholar and preacher. She was now a royal pensioner, occupying a house at Windsor belonging to the crown, where the king and queen often resorted to enjoy the coveted quiet there afforded them. And here it happened that the prosperous young writer was brought into the immediate

presence of the royal pair, and was honored by their special personal attentions. Miss Burney was not destitute of the vanity of her sex any more than of the ambition common to mankind. True, she had been brought up a Tory, and taught the reverence of royalty as a part of her religion, but she would have been scarcely less pleased with the royal condescensions had she been the daughter of John Wilkes or of the author of Junius, whoever he may have been. As it was, the fair authoress was fascinated by their majesties, and they, in turn, were greatly pleased with her. And now let the disciple of Æsop tell of the mouse wedded to the lioness, or of the earthen vessel brought into collision with the brazen one, and find the moral of these fables in the story of our subject. The near approach of the commoner to royalty is only less to be dreaded when allured thither by favor to receive its smiles than when subjected to its fearful displeasures. The king and queen were both greatly pleased with Miss Burney, and accordingly she was soon after called to a place in the royal household, and made keeper of the queen's robes!

A young woman of three and thirty, who had achieved for herself both honor and independence, gifted with a lively appreciation of the pleasures of society, and surrounded by admiring friends, with powers of authorship only tested but not fairly drawn upon, and looked to by the public for further contributions to its enjoyments and intellectual wealth, now greedily accepts the proffered position, and abandons all these real goods for the empty and unsatisfying honors of the royal presence and the service of the royal persons. Had it been to apartments in the Tower that the royal mandate assigned her, the real hardships of her case would have been less, for there she might have had leisure and opportunities for self-culture and even the society of congenial friends, all of which were foregone in order to take up her horrible servitude in the palace. Dr. Burney was scarcely less delighted with his daughter's good fortune, when, like some Circassian father leading his child to the harem of some noble Turk, he accompanied her to her honored prison-house, nor did he so readily as she discover the true character of the sacrifice. He was too highly flattered with what every one esteemed the wonderful good fortune of his gifted child, and with utter self-forgetfulness separated himself from her only less completely than death would have done it, and for four long years enjoyed no more than a few moments' conversation with her. But these years had fully taught her the vanity of the honors for which

she had exchanged the joys of home and the independence of private life, as well as brought her emaciated frame to the very gates of death by the exhausting labors and ceaseless watchings required by the exactions of the royal pleasures. But at last the father conquered the courtier in good Dr. Burney, and Frances, the wreck of her former self, was permitted to quit the court on a pension of a hundred pounds a year *during the queen's pleasure*, and to return once more to liberty and to life. Probably George III and Queen Charlotte were not more selfish and regardless of other people's happiness than most other persons would be with the same educations and surroundings, but it is very certain that the condition of any ordinary cook or dairy maid is infinitely preferable to that of a queen's maid of honor—all but the name of it.

The uncaged bird now entered upon the enjoyment of life and liberty with a new zest and with an avidity that seemed to labor to gain some compensation for the past losses. Her friends gathered around her with every demonstration of kindness. How much of this was due to the odor of royalty brought away with her need not now be asked. She traveled over the kingdom, visiting its chief points of historic interest and of fashionable resort, and soon found her health responding to her renewed spirits, till at her return to London she was once more robust and cheerful.

It was now 1791, and England swarmed with French exiles, toward whom the Burneys, Tories that they were, had but little favor. A colony of them near Norbury Park was visited by Frances—it was near the residence of some intimate friends of her family—and of course she was soon fascinated by their polished manners and polite conversation, and in her enthusiasm she declared that she had never heard conversation before, and that after having associated with Johnson, and Mrs. Montagu, and other celebrated talkers. True, there were Talleyrand and Madame de Stael, whom a less impassioned judgment might have placed even above their English rivals. Among these exiles was General D'Arblay, of the French army, handsome in person, and frank in his manners, and moderately addicted to letters, with whom she became intimate; studied French with him, and at length married him; and so Frances Burney became Madame D'Arblay.

An exiled soldier is not usually the best provided with the means wherewith to support a family, and General D'Arblay's case was not an exception to that general rule. In 1796 the gifted wife brought out her third novel, "Ca-

milla," which the public seized with avidity and applauded loudly, and for which the publisher paid her three thousand guineas. But the critics declared that it was not equal to either of its predecessors. She also again adventured on writing for the stage, and for lack of some kind "Daddy" Crisp, her tragedy was produced and condemned by the public, at that point where failure is aptly if not elegantly denominated *damnation*. Returning to France a few years later General D'Arblay sought to be reinstated in the army, but failed to gain his position on account of his British affinities. For the next ten years Madame D'Arblay was an exile in France by reason of the war between that country and her own, but was enabled to return in time to receive the dying benediction of her father. Her last novel, the "Wanderer," appeared in 1814. The world has consented to allow it to be forgotten—in mercy, the critics say, rather than by too severe a judgment. She lived to the venerable age of eighty-eight, coming down to our own times. Her death occurred in 1840, having published her father's memoirs eight years before. Her diary has been published since her death.

Our essay is intentionally a gossip rather than a criticism. We will not, therefore, attempt any elaborate estimate of the character and genius of our subject, nor enlarge upon the distinctive characteristic of her writings. Johnson called her a "character-monger," and his decision has been generally accepted as just. But her characters seem rather to have been caricatures, which is the least valuable kind of characterization, though in this speciality she excelled. She was a humorist of considerable power, but her comedy was a little too broad, and verged almost into farce. A few passages indicate the existence of a fountain of pathos in her heart, but it was never fairly opened, and probably by neglecting her capabilities in that direction, she failed to attain what otherwise would have been her greatest glory. Her style at first was simple and moderately correct, but afterward, ambitious of the Johnsonese, she put on the stilts of the Rambler, and attempted to embody her comicalities in the sonorous periods of the great moralist; and so a style only tolerable as the vehicle of the great thoughts of its author became simply absurd in her laughter-moving romances.

Miss Burney was never properly a literary character. She had read but little when she first became an author, and her later life afforded her but little opportunity to remedy her early deficiencies. Her mind was incapable of inaction, and uniting a quick sense of the gro-

tesque with a faculty for grouping her images, her stories assumed the form of a gallery of caricatures, combining the characteristics of Hogarth and Cruikshank. Her first novel was simply her initial studies, while her second brought out her full powers, and excelled all her after efforts. Like Charlotte Brontë, and Mrs. Stowe, and the author of "Adam Bede," she was always her own unapproachable rival after she had written the work that gave her reputation. With a more thorough mental discipline in early life, and a more extensive acquaintance with the literature of the age, she would probably have longer maintained her position as a writer and risen to a much greater eminence.

Her whole history, if instructive, is far from being a pleasing one. The neglect to which her youth and childhood were subjected left its sad impress upon her character ineffaceable, and when at length her irrepressible spirit found utterance for its struggling thoughts, it was in broken and inharmonious accents. Self-education has been styled *un-education*, and if that is too harsh a judgment it certainly is in almost all cases partial and unsymmetrical mental development and culture. The episode in the history of our subject which brought her into the shadow of royalty is all sadness, and it was well remarked by Burke that had Johnson been alive he might have given another illustration to his "Vanity of Human Wishes." More than half her lifetime was spent as Madame D'Arblay, but during all that protracted period nothing was added to the stock of reputation won by Miss Frances Burney. Her works continue to be reprinted, probably for the ornamentation of the libraries of amateurs of the British classics, and now and then a person may be found who has read them—but only now and then.

---

#### LONGINGS FOR HEAVEN.

---

To be weighed down with a sense of our own incompleteness; to long for that which we have not and can not gain; to descry noble attainments as islands in the sea, eagerly sought, but which change to clouds as we draw near; to spend our life in searching for the hidden land as Columbus for the new continent, and to find only weeds floating, or a broken branch, or, at best, a bird that comes to us from the unknown shore; this it is to be on earth—to live. And yet are not these very yearnings the winds which God sends to fill our sails and give us good voyage homeward?

## PICTURES OF TRAVEL.

BY REV. GILBERT HAYEN.

## HAUNTS AND HOMES OF BURNS.

THE most bemarked poet in Great Britain is Burns. This is probably owing to the fact that he was a Scotchman, and that he gave their local and vanishing vernacular a poetic and public habitation and a name. No English poet has done that for his equally-numerous and lowly dialects. Wordsworth, with all his treatment of homely and familiar subjects, ever handled them condescendingly and as a university scholar. Had he had the genius or the pluck to have done one thing more, written his ballads in the language of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and with the gusto with which the natives rattle away in their unknown tongue, he might have been as popular as Burns. But he shrank from the humble dialect service, and the great heart of the world shrinks from him.

This fact is equally true of all great English writers. Not one of them has ever transplanted the wild flowers of her native speech to his elegant pages. It is far otherwise with Scotchmen. Hogg, Wilson, Ramsey, Scott, and Burns delight in this service. Lowell and Mrs. Stowe are showing like genius in respect to the rich fullness of the Yankee idioms, though the former has thus far only employed them in comic or satiric poetry. To confine it to this class of composition will give it an unworthy and degrading character, as it does to a man to be ever playing the witty fool. We hope he will yet show its admirable fitness for every-day life, with all its loves, joys, and sorrows. He will reach the top of his fame on those steps.

Shakspeare has more of this local flavor about him than any other English poet. A book is written showing what Stratfordisms are in his dramas. No small part of his wonderful power and popularity is from this faithfulness. But he did not give himself openly to its service. It was a clandestine love. He chiefly talked, as he presumed kings and high men did, in the grand styles, and his wood notes wild are often lost in the high, shallow phrases of pretended courtly speech.

The Scotch love the racy and original speech of their daily life, and, therefore, admire those who fill it with their genius and lift it up before all the world. Hence they preëminently love its two preëminent representatives, Scott and Burns. No monument in the world to a man of genius can compare with the Edinburgh memorial in honor of Walter Scott. It probably excels in cost—it certainly does in ele-

gance—all the combined statues and monuments that England has erected to her really-great men. Most meager and most mean is her expression of gratitude. Most magnificent is Scotland's. But while this single monument outvalues any one in honor of Burns, his are more in number and second only in cost and elegance. There are no less than three memorials—at Edinburgh, at Dumfries, and at Ayr, each far surpassing in beauty and cost any monument England has erected to any of her famous sons—and the last, like Scott's, outvaluing them all.

The Burns district is comprised between Ayr and Dumfries. They are about sixty miles apart, and both lie near the west coast of Scotland. Ayr is a large seaport on that coast, ten or twelve miles below Glasgow. Dumfries is close to the border and about a hundred miles north of the lake district of England. This section is one hundred and fifty miles from Edinburgh, and is properly really the back country of Scotland. Nearly all her historic men and spots were on the eastern coast. Though the region had not been without the presence of Wallace and Bruce, still their great achievements and seats of power were not here. And all its poets and litterateurs had flourished around its capitals of Sterling and Edinburgh. Glasgow was then an inconsiderable town, and with but little influence in that aristocratic age. It has but little, even in comparison with its less wealthy and less populous rival.

Burns had, therefore, all this western border of lowland Scotia to himself. He was its first-fruits, the beginning of its unsuspected strength. In his delightful letter to William Simpson he dwells on the previous obscurity of his native region:

"No poet thought her worth his while  
To set her name in measured style;  
She lay like some unken'd of isle,  
Beside New Holland.  
Or where wild-meeting oceans boil,  
By south Magellan.

Ramsay an' famous Fergusson  
Gie'd Forth an' Tay a lift aboon;  
Yarrow an' Tweed to monie a tune  
Ower Scotland rings,  
While Irwin, Lugar, Ayr, an' Doon  
Nae body sings."

The proper way to visit this district is to go to Glasgow first and then move southward. Every step but one in his whole itinerary was in that direction. That one was the little time his father spent at Irving trying to get the living by weaving which farming had failed to afford, and where he died in the extremity of



poverty and distress while Burns was yet a youth. This town is a few miles north of Ayr on the road to Glasgow. It is not connected with his earliest or his public life, and hence has but slight interest to the tourist. As we entered it from the south, we must reverse the natural order—go backward from the end to the beginning.

To one coming from Liverpool or the lake district the last and most southern of his homes is first reached. Let us take the train at Carlisle, a town on west coast of England, famous in the border wars, for its cathedral, which is but poorly cared for, and for Archdeacon Paley, who lies in it.

We soon pass Gretna Green, where the accommodating blacksmith forged so many silken fetters, which wore longer and were often heavier than the iron ones he legitimately wrought. It is a pleasant country spot, and one's heart contends with his judgment in favor of the lovers here irregularly united; especially when he sees the unchristian spirit in which these divinest of human relations is here yet handled by the cruel considerations of pride and pelf.

A ride of forty miles lands us in the lively town of Dumfries. Its narrow streets are full of people, and we twist our way among them on curious thoughts intent. One is soon aware that he has struck the Burns district. Pictures of his face, haunts, and monuments fill the shop windows, and the least inquiry about him brings forth ready and intelligent responses.

The points of interest here are the church and his monument, the house where he lived and died, the tavern that he frequented, and the banks of the Nith, where some of his chief poems were composed.

We came to the tavern first, as undoubtedly Burns did. So far our steps and his agree. It is "The Globe," and is a little, low, brown two-storied house, in a narrow alley, hardly wide enough for a cart. In one corner of a small, dark room a wreath is painted on the wall, and "Burns's corner" inside of the laurel. Here he got "fou" too often. Here others get "fou" yet; for whisky, the bane of the land, flourishes here still, though the genius that once lived for a little while in spite of its power, has long since vanished from the place.

On the windows here and up stairs they show verses scratched and signed by him, and I presume they are authentic. They have his spirit in them. They sing the praises of women and whisky—a queer conjunction, but one which he often makes. The best of them has those touches of sweetness and of nature by which he so often makes us forget his sins in the exquisite tender-

ness with which God had so richly endowed him. It was scratched down in some hour when the fumes broke away from his brain and left it natural—

"O, lovely Polly Stewart!

O, charming Polly Stewart!

There's not a flower that blooms in May

That's half as fair as thou art."

A short but most crooked path leads us to the house near which he lived most of his days, and where he died, and where his widow lived till within a few years. It was near the corner of a little triangle, shut in with dirty plastered houses, at the beginning of a slight ascent. This house was a little superior in its appearance to its neighbors, having a little parlor, and over it a small chamber, where he is said to have died. It was comfortably fitted up, and one could hardly recall the dreadful hour of his departure. If the chamber where the good man meets his fate is privileged above the common walks of life, that whence a conscience-stricken sinner flies has something terrible about it. I could only see that wasted, suffering, agonizing son of genius, of Christianity, of sin. I talked with his neighbors, and some who had seen him and knew his friends. They thought he died penitent and trusting in Christ. It is certain that he was very earnest in prayer, and God, who is rich in mercy, and who is able to save to the uttermost, and casts not away any that come to him through Christ, heard an honest cry, we may believe, and, hearing, answered and saved. It was a little house, humble in America, but almost aristocratic in contrast with the miserable huts that surrounded it, and in the like of which all his previous days had been passed.

From it we wound our way up the hill a few rods, and turned into a comparatively-broad and straight street, being perhaps forty feet wide, and ascended a short distance to the kirk-yard gate. We followed thus the way he had, with his family, occasionally walked to the church, and over which his body passed to its long home. It was not five minutes' distance from his house. The old church and its yard are just as they were in his days—a square, homely, yet, in intent and cost, a stylish building; and the yard, of two or three acres, full of tall, staring, monumental slabs, that stun you with their size and spread-eagle style. In the farthest corner behind the church is his last home. It is a fine granite pile, with pillars and dome, three sides open to sight, though covered with thick glass, and the fourth having a marble slab, with figures of life size, of Burns as the plow-boy, and the genius of Poesy casting her mantle over him. Inside

of the church they show you the pew where he was sitting when he saw the lady's bonnet, with its unseemly adorning, and instantly composed the famous address that ends with the more famous lines,

"O wad some power the giftie gie us  
To see oursel's as ithers see us!"

The pew is like all the rest, square, high, unpainted, old. It is close to the door, and behind a huge pillar that shuts out the preacher. The lady sat in the one just before it, and the want of seeing the minister may have directed his attention to the livelier object nearer. The position of this pew showed at a glance the habits of Burns. Wordsworth's pews at Rydal and Grasmere are close to the pulpit. The pulpit stands in the corner of the one at Rydal. Burns's pew is way back as near the door as possible, and looks as if he had no regular seat, but only happened there for the nonce, out of weariness, of passion, or of curiosity, or in a fit of conscience. And his exercise there showed that he brought and carried away the habit of his life.

To see the best of him at Dumfries, one must get away from his drinking tavern and irreverent pew into the fields about the town. The Nith flows through it. On its banks some of his finest pieces were composed. We walked out three or four miles, and saw the spot near the bank where the ride of Tam O'Shanter came into his brain. It was close to the river, on a high bank, lined with a hedge and a footpath. He was wild with excitement, rushed home, put it on paper, and declared he had then given birth to his greatest poem. "To Mary in Heaven," a far diviner strain, was also composed here. Such contraries dwelt in him.

A sweet stream this is, of fair width, lined with trees and hills, with the land swelling to quite an elevation in the near horizon. Like all Great Britain, it is under the highest cultivation. An old abbey, with its mournful ruins, stands on a knoll overlooking the river. The whole air is full of history. Bruce, Wallace, Douglass, Montrose, have been here. The heroines of the Heart of Mid Lothian dwelt here; and last, and far from least, the Country Parson had his rectory close under yon western hills, and drew hence much of the sweet and gracious influence that flows from his pen. We can give you no idea of the landscape. It is rich and quiet, full to the brim of life and of ease—too rich, too quiet, when we see the miserable huts of the poor peeping out here and there, and know that their occupants earn but a shilling or two a day, and that irregularly. Yet, for purposes of poetry, nothing could be finer. The river here, as every-

where else in this country, strikingly exemplifies the words of Addison—

"And wandering rivers, soft and slow,  
Adown the verdant landscape flow."

A queer old Scotchman more than seventy years old, but brisk as a boy, was our cicerone round the city—full of learning, politeness, loquaciousness, pious words and professions, and greedy of filthy lucre. He was an old schoolmaster, had often seen Burns when a lad, knew his wife well, told us all about himself and every body and every thing besides, in that hour's walk. He said Burns was less than middle height, broad across the shoulders, broad, high forehead, pale and wasted most of the time that he knew him; Mrs. Burns slim, graceful, with a brilliant black eye, and very handsome foot and hand. It was a high compliment to any one for her to offer her hand.

He was full of proverbs. In confessing to his estate as a bachelor, he said, "I have n't tried all the fords of the Clyde;" meaning that his condition was not entirely compulsory. For he afterward told of how his betrothed was drowned, and how he had kept faithful to his youthful love and vows. In describing his neglect by some wealthy and high-born relatives, and its effect on him, he said, "There are more ways of killing a dog than choking him with pudding"—a very odd proverb, and showing the rich vein of humor that runs through the Scottish mind.

He said Burns could only compose when half-drunk, and when alone; and then his verses sprung up in him like a flash of lightning. In this way, after a drinking bout at Lord Kincaid's, "Scots wha hae" was created. This, if true, was doubtless owing to his dissipated habits; and in it he resembles Butler, and Hartley Coleridge, and probably most other men of genius, who are the victims of intemperance.

We left the lively old schoolmaster, who is expecting soon a great fortune, and meanwhile cheers his poverty with prayers and Yankee pennies, and took the train for Mauchline. About six miles south of Dumfries, we pass Ellisland, the place where many of his best poems were written. It is the farm to which he removed after his marriage, and where he dwelt in toil and poverty for several years till he secured the post of Exciseman and removed to Dumfries. It was the same quiet, undulating, pleasant landscape that one sees every-where on this island except in its hilly sections; very beautiful to the eye in May, but hard to live upon with its heavy taxes and far heavier rents.

Fifty miles north is Mauchline, where his

genius first burst forth, and where its freshest blossoms and sweetest memorials are still found. Mauchline is on the railroad from Dumfries to Glasgow. It is the most disagreeable and dirty town I have been in—a half dozen narrow, dirty streets, built close, with clay biggins, and filled with unattractive faces. Still one finds good in every thing, and I stumbled on it in Mauchline. I fell in with a native whose wife was a niece of Jane Armour, the wife of Burns, and so had an opportunity in making her acquaintance of reviving that picture of his life close by the spot where she lived, and in a cottage they must have often passed if not entered. She looked like the portraits of her aunt, and the room, with its beds in a recess, its old grate, its furniture, and general aspect reproduced the life of three-quarters of a century ago.

Here they show you the house where his wife's father lived—a little one-storied stone building, with two bits of windows in the attic. The house where he was married by Gavin Hamilton is of a higher order, as a solicitor would be likely to be in. The tavern where the jolly beggars congregated, and the window through which he saw them, and the room that he frequented, and the old tavern of Johnny Dove, whom he has immortalized in an epitaph on Johnny Pigeon—all these relics Mauchline boasts of. The village is full of Burns. But only his wicked evenings and occasional Sab-baths were spent here. The church where these were spent is taken down and a handsome structure makes the village uglier by contrast with its beauty.

Leaving the congregation of whitewashed and dirt-washed huts we enter a broad, pleasant road that slopes upward very gradually for nearly a mile till it leaves on the level brow of a hill, and at the gate of the Moss Giel house. A walk of a few rods across an open field brings us to the door of the neat and attractive cottage. It is something higher, larger, and undoubtedly pleasanter than when Robert and Gilbert Burns moved into it. The gentleman who occupies it is a thorough and successful farmer. He does what the Burnses could n't do, makes a living and more out of the farm, though he pays a thousand dollars rent for only one hundred acres. His wife lost a brother at Bull Run, and so we found ourselves at once blood relations. Their hearts are in the American struggle, as are those of Scotland generally. But the great sorrows of America had here throbbed, and they knew and felt as we do with how great a price we were purchasing the freedom of the world. It seems fitting Burns's

place should thus be joined to a cause he would hold most dear.

It was in and around this house that his first poems were written. The vision by which he was called to be a poet occurred in that spence, and beside that ingle, or fireside. In the field behind the house he talked to the daisy. The "wee modest crimson-tipped flower" was in full blossom, and we dug up some roots from the same field, which we vainly hoped to transfer to America. They have shared the fate of the flowers he sang.

In the field on the left of the house he came upon the mouse, the "timorous beastie." They are still plenty, and had we taken one of them instead of the daisy we should have probably pleased the tenant as well, and might have a better chance of getting it home. Under a great spreading sycamore close to the house he often sat and composed verses. The attic-room, the kitchen, the barn, the fields, the high hedge he planted close in front of his house, the scenery around, are full of him. The landscape looked beautiful in that setting May sun. It rolled off very gradually on every side, and then sloped up into high hills on both north and south. To the south lay Mauchline, whither he nightly went, lured by the drinking fascinations that yet every-where and most powerfully prevail. On our right, down in the valley, lie

"The banks, and braes, and streams around  
The Castle of Montgomery."

How charming it looks! On the opposite side are the fields and woods where the lass of Ballochmyle blossomed. To her he addressed some of his best verses and sent her a copy. But she, with the true custom of the country, despised the plowman's verse as she did his person, and not till he became famous did she let it be known that he had ever condescended to honor her with his song. Yet her beauty and her memory even now live only in this rustic's verse.

Leaving this pleasant seat, passing the beggar's bush opposite the gate—an old hawthorn which he introduces into his songs—we retrace our steps to Mauchline and take up our line of march for Ayr, eleven miles distant. We should have staid at Mauchline, but the town was so unprepossessing that a whole Sunday spent there seemed as if lost. And Ayr was where he used to go to church in his Christian and happy childhood, and where the Cottar's Saturday Night was experienced by him, though the poem was written at the Moss Giel farm after "the saint, the husband, and the father" had rested from his labors and his prayers. So we

sought to reach it, and no conveyance being feasible, we took our staff and traveled on. The first three miles was the finest walk we have seen in this country, except, perhaps, that round Brasenthwarte Lake on the road from Keswick to Cockermouth. Not the famous one from Coventry to Warwick, nor the three miles grand road through Windsor Forest is superior. High trees line the road. Their canopy is over you all the way. Beautiful fields and vistas lie out before you, and the stillness is perfect. It is down hill almost the whole distance. At its foot, on rising ground, stands the castle of Montgomery in great parks rolling and grand. Down this hill, either by the street or across the fields, Burns used to come. Here the plaintive scenes connected with his love for Highland Mary transpired. The hawthorn yet stands where their last meeting occurred. It would be pleasant to recall these did not his vows then made to Jean Armour up on yonder hill conflict with them. And we have to dismiss him from our thoughts as a poor sinner and think of the fair maidens who, ignorant each of the vows the other cherished, enjoyed the thought that the brilliant and beautiful youth of Moss Giel farm was all their own. Finding no accommodation on the way as we had been told we could, we were compelled to "foot it" clean to Ayr, and entered it as weary as one could well be at three o'clock in the morning. A comfortable bed and sleep refreshed us, and the auld church casts its memorial and present benedictions upon us. The hymns were sung by all the great congregation to horrible tunes, no less horrible, however, in harmony, than the hymns themselves. The Scriptures were read by every eye, the text picked out by every one for himself, and a good sermon was preached on Faith and Works, showing their essential relation, and hence quite apologetic, though thoroughly and earnestly Methodistic. Such a sermon in Burns's day would have secured the speedy expulsion of its preacher. It was in this church that the bright and beautiful lad regularly worshiped till his eighth year. Many a happy memory, with some tedious services not so happy, joins him to the place. In the graveyard about lie not a few who will live in his verse forever. The next day we closed our three days in the Burns district by a visit to the memorable spots of the town and vicinage. Here are the twa brigs of Ayr, the cause of one of the most vigorous of his poems, and the father of that equally-vigorous child, Russell Lowell's Bunker Hill and Concord Bridge. They are yet as in his days—one very old, and quaint, and narrow; the other

broad and handsomely adorned with statues. The last has not yet suffered the fate which the scorned auld brig prophesied should befall it, but seems destined to endure for ages.

In one of the main streets a little inn, like all the rest around, is called Tam O'Shanter's inn. A huge picture over the door portrays Tam leaving in the dark night on his journey to his farm twelve miles off. He is taking the stirrup cup—the last dram drank after he is in the saddle. In the house are rooms full of memorials of these drunken heroes of imagination, and whisky and stirrup cups yet abound there. Following the steps of the reckless smuggler, for so he is said to have been, we came in half an hour to what he passed unmindful, but that which chiefly draws us hither—the little hut where Burns was born. It is kept in a good whitewashed state, and greatly enlarged and extended in the rear. But the old and original portion yet remains—a little room with rough stones laid very unevenly on the floor, a little old grate—a dresser—two small windows opposite each other, one put in by William Burns, his father, and only about a foot square. Here they lived and suffered. In the corner near the street he was born, and that very night a cold January storm broke in the clay wall beside his bed. The slaves have hardly worse fate; in fact, considering the climate, not so bad a fate as this peasantry were it not for one thing, which includes every thing. William Burns and Agnes, his wife, could not be separated. Robin could not be sold from his mother. His hut was his castle, as strong to protect him as Stirling or Windsor. Ah, yes. Poverty and the proud man's scorn is something. But a perpetual home and the cottar's Saturday night,

"Which a' his weary, carking cares beguile,  
An' make him quite forget his labor and his toil,"

these are not the blessed comforts of a slave's cabin. It is time, however, that this land should bestir itself and go on to perfection from the grand foundation and only true corner-stone of human society which she has laid so well and so long—the right of every man to himself, to his family, to his labor. Equality, fraternity must be built on before the perfect state is formed. Great Britain must see and must do this great work. But we are talking like, not of, Burns. Let us return.

We leave the house, which is, like almost every other connected with him, a rum-shop, that gives one painful reminders of the worst phases in his character, and helps to make many like him in these habits. Descending a little hill and going up the opposite side half a mile



off we reach Alloway Kirk, the scene of the famous dance of the witches. It is a little thing—twenty feet by thirty or forty—unroofed, its walls held together by iron bars, a very cheap and plain affair. It was an abandoned and haunted kirk in his day. Yet around it sleep the unhaunted dead, his father and mother among them. Right opposite a very comely church is being built, and near it are the splendid grounds and monuments that commemorate the poet. A garden of exquisite beauty, full of flowers and shrubs, surrounded by high hedges and iron fences, incloses a costly monument. On a high granite base stands an open temple with nine pillars, representing the nine muses, crowned with a dome and ornamented with statues and busts. Close at your feet glides the Bonny Doon, and the old bridge which saved Tam is only a few rods from you. His perilous ride was but for a moment, though in that, as in most vital moments, was crowded a lifetime of experience. How fresh and fair the braes of Bonnie Doon were blooming! And I could repeat the surprise of him who gave his feelings voice. As I stood and gazed upon them, sloping up from the banks of the river, covered with verdure, with cultivated fields and still woods, nothing could be more beautiful.

A walk in the rain back to Ayr, a ride on the railroad past Irving, his second and last parental home, and the homes and haunts of Burns are left forever. No, not forever,

"For oft in lonely rooms and 'mid the din  
Of towns and cities shall I owe to them  
In hours of weariness sensations sweet,  
Felt in the blood and felt along the heart,  
And passing even into the purer mind  
With tranquil restoration."

We had other spots frequented by other, perhaps greater men, to which we intended to guide you. But our affections and memories have lingered here so long that we must defer those visits till another hour.

Three evils into which in a sense Burns was born helped to pervert what might have otherwise been a perfect life of wonderful beauty. They were social caste, drinking habits, and Calvinistic creed. By the first he was crushed, by the second corrupted, and by the third, not saved, but driven first to ridicule and then, having no wise guides and ministers, to despair. Almost as dreadful charges can be brought against this terrible creed as against that of Romanism. It, too, shuts the kingdom of heaven, and casts down to hell all who dare to deny or resist its dogmas.

Every body drank. With inconsiderable and powerless exceptions every body drinks to-day.

American total abstinence is getting in, and temperance hotels and societies are multiplying. Yet whisky is more common than tea, and Christians, scrupulous as to cooking or reading on the Sabbath, go to bed drunk with permitted toddy. If so now, how much more so then, and the fine, strong boy was cast into this lake of fire. No wonder those delicate tissues caught the flame and were so soon consumed. But society crushed his manhood also. It is enough to crush a high-born man to-day in Britain if he is low born according to the laws of society. Burns was a democrat almost as soon as Jefferson and Franklin, before Rousseau and Voltaire, long before Washington and John Adams. He was a bold democrat, singing thrilling songs on the equality of man which even we can hardly yet, with a system of wicked caste in our midst and in the midst of our hearts, indorse. I heard a relative of his by marriage at Mauchline repeat with a force of expression that can not be conveyed the stinging lines—

"Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,  
Wha struts and stares and a' that,  
Tho' hundreds worship at his word  
He 's but a coof for a' that."

The word coof, for conceit, folly, brainlessness, has no match in English, and these birkies and coofs were all around him. Close to Mauchline is a magnificent place thus occupied to this day. And they and their toadying hundreds all "cut" Burns. A friend informed Mr. Lockhart that on a fine Summer evening he saw Burns walking alone on the principal side of a street in Dumfries, while the opposite side was gay with gentlemen and ladies, not one of whom would recognize him. He was then at the height of his fame, and far superior to these despisers in talent and attractions. But he was a democrat, buying guns and sending them to the democratic French Convention, and they spurned him. It is not surprising that his unregulated nature only plunged the deeper into dissipation.

And Calvinism completed his ruin. No where in language are there such fearful yet truthful portraiture of the doctrines he had to hear day by day, as in Holy Willie's Prayer, The Ordination, and Kirk's Alarm. We are shocked at Burns and call him profane. It is true his spirit is far from right. But was not their letter more profane? In these poems he defends Arminianism, calling it "curst common-sense." Had he been met by it in an experimental form none of these points which goaded him to destruction would have pierced him. His prayers and hymns show that he had honest and deep religious sympathies. His Cottar's Saturday

Night was wrought out of a much profounder nature than his Tam O'Shanter. And his biographer tells how once a comrade, supposed by Burns to be asleep, heard him pray in a fearful fullness of distress that overwhelmed him. But he staggered, he revolted at the doctrine of unconditional election and reprobation. Feeling his spiritual liberty, he was met on every hand by social, civil, and religious tyranny, and he fell under their manifold power. We say not this to commend or palliate. *He* never dared to so employ it. He felt his freedom as well as his sin before God. But we remember that it is more tolerable in the day of judgment for the Sodoms and Gomorrah than the Capernaums of greater light and privilege. And Americans, who have a free and equal society, a public opinion approving of total abstinence, and a religion that is based on human liberty no less than on the equal, universal potency of divine love, can not shelter their sins under these of Burns. Had he had their light he would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes. He did repent, we trust, and repented unto life eternal. He will ever be loved for his wide and tender sympathies, which embraced the despised flower, animal, and even insect. Yet more, he will ever be loved for his grand views of the rights and equality of man. His monuments are teachers of the greatest truths and duties. Alas! they warn all his admirers to shun his sins and to surpass his virtues.

#### BEAUTIFUL ANGEL OF DREAMLAND.

BY HARRIET M. BEAN.

O, BEAUTIFUL angel of Dreamland,  
How swift and how sure is your flight!  
You bear us so quick o'er the waters  
And into such realms of delight;  
You call forth such beautiful pictures  
To charm and enrapture the sight.  
You show me old Rome in its glory,  
Its forum, its temples, its mart,  
And Athens, that city of story,  
With its wisdom, its genius, its art,  
And you tell me of noble emotions  
That stirred that Athenian heart.  
Then over the Euxine you bear me,  
And I look on the cold, cold snow,  
While I think of the soldiers who perished  
By thousands so long ago,  
Afar from their homes loved and cherished,  
Their cottages vine-clad and low.  
Then on to the East you bear me,  
And I dwell in a palace awhile,  
In a quite unaccustomed splendor,  
And a grand, Oriental style,

With diamonds in endless profusion  
And riches in many a pile.  
O, beautiful angel of Dreamland,  
Why will you never stay?  
Why have you taken my castle  
And all of my jewels away?  
And my servants with many-hued garments,  
Star-spangled, wondrous, and gay?  
And now I am looking about me,  
I do not even behold  
The gleam of a single diamond;  
And where are my honors and gold?  
But, beautiful angel of Dreamland,  
I'm home to the blessings of old!

#### ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

BY SAREPTA M. IRISH HENRY.

SOFTLY at eve went down thy sun,  
And o'er the sky the night begun;  
The birds that cheered the golden day  
With gentle murmurings hid away,  
And yet thy days go on, go on.\*  
Palsied to silence grew thy tongue  
That to the world so sweetly sung;  
The hand upon thy bosom slept  
That from thy lyre such music swept.  
And yet thy days go on, go on.  
"The world goes whispering to its own,"  
The bird of sweetest song is flown,  
And friends that loved thee sigh and say,  
"Dear heart that sang itself away"—  
And yet thy days go on, go on.  
Thy past is golden by the sun—  
A peak he loves to shine upon—  
We fondly look, and scarce can dream  
It is the past, for it doth seem  
So fit thy days should still go on.  
Thy life went forward with the sun,  
And all is light—O, life begun  
Not to be ended!—dawning bliss!  
And joy that shall not end like this,  
And days that ever shall go on!  
Upon thy head the "thorn-wreath brown"  
Is changed to joy's immortal crown,  
Banished thy spirit's misery,  
The snowy vesture is for thee  
Whose days in peace go on, go on.  
While suffering and life were one  
In trust and song thy days went on;  
Thro' nights made cold by chilling frost,  
Thro' days whose light and bloom were lost,  
Still thankfully thy days went on.  
And having from thy life-well drawn  
The drops of bitter one by one,  
There springeth from its fountain up  
The sweetest freshness for thy cup;  
And thus thy days go on, go on.

\*See Mrs. Browning's "*De Profundis*."

# THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

## Scripture Cautions.

THE GATES OF DEATH.—*"Have the gates of death been opened unto thee? or hast thou seen the doors of the shadow of death?" Job xxxviii, 17.*

These remarkable words are part of a wonderfully-sublime address which the infinite Maker of the universe delivered to Job amid the rush and the roar of an eastern whirlwind. The long, earnest, and unsatisfactory debate which had been carried on between the patriarch and his friends touching the government of God, was thus terminated with an awfully-grand abruptness. It is noteworthy that in these communications of the Almighty, he does not condescend to propound a solution of the difficulty which had perplexed their judgment and engrossed their discussion. He gives no explanation of his doings, but the grand aim of his appeal is to impress the importance and duty of confidence in his character. Man, intellectually, is too small to comprehend his doings. A firm unshaken trustfulness, therefore, is at once his duty and interest.

Among the many things he appeals to in order to impress Job with his insignificance, as compared with his Maker, is the dark region of death expressed in the text—"Have the gates of death," etc. The allusion here is to the state which in the Hebrew is called *sheol*, and in the Greek *hades*; which means the dark abode of the dead—the deep, dark, vast realm to which all past generations are gone—to which the present generation is going, and whither all coming men, up to the day of doom, will proceed. The ancients supposed this region to be under ground, entered by the grave, and inclosed by gates and bars.

I will take this divine appeal as suggesting four things:

I. THE MENTAL DARKNESS THAT ENSHROUDS US. All the phenomena of the heavens, the earth, and the multifarious operations of the Creator, referred to in this divine address, were designed and fitted to impress Job with the necessary limitation of his knowledge, and the ignorance that encircled him on all questions; and the region of death is but one of the many points to which he is directed as an example of his ignorance.

How ignorant are we of the great world of departed men! What a thick veil of mystery infolds the whole! What questions often start within us to which we can get no satisfactory reply, either from philosophy or the Bible!

I am thankful that we are left in ignorance:

1. *Of the exact condition of each individual in that great and ever-growing realm.* In general, the Bible tells us that the good are happy and the wicked miserable. This is enough. We would have no more light. We would not know all about those whom we

have known and loved; we would not know the exact pursuits they are following, and the exact thoughts and emotions that circulate in an incessant flow through their souls. If we saw them as they are, should we be fit to enjoy the few days of this brief life, or to perform its duties? We should stand, I think, paralyzed at the vision.

I am thankful that we are left in ignorance:

2. *Of our exact proximity to the great realm of the departed.* We would not have the day or the hour disclosed. The men to whom the day of death was made known were confounded. Saul heard from Samuel, etc. Peter told Sapphira, etc.

Who if he knew it would undertake any enterprise? Would Moses have undertaken the guidance of the Israelites if he had known that neither he nor they would cross the Jordan? etc. Would Jonathan have ascended Gilboa? David, etc. I am thankful for the ignorance. The Divine appeal suggests:

II. THE SOLEMN CHANGE THAT AWAITS US. "The gates" have not opened to us, but must. Speaking of death according to the figure before us we observe—

1. *The gates are in constant motion.* No sooner are they closed to one, than another enters. It is computed that one enters every moment.

2. *The gates open to all classes.* There are gates which are to be entered only by persons of distinction; but here are kings and beggars, etc.

3. *The gates open only one way—into eternity.* We have, it is true, an account of a few that have come back. But only one that had not to go that way again. No coming back. Job vi, 7-13. "They shall," says Job, "return no more." Hezekiah. David said, "I shall go to him," etc.

I rejoice in this. I would not have the good back again—nor the bad. The Cæsars, the Alexanders, the Napoleons, back again! No! Thank God for death.

4. *The gates separate the probationary from the retributory.* When we pass those gates what do we leave behind?—on what do we enter?

5. *The gates are under supreme authority.* There is only one Being that can open them. Not accident, etc. The Divine appeal suggests:

III. THE WONDERFUL MERCY THAT PRESERVES US.

1. *We have always been near those gates.* We dwell in "houses of clay."

2. *Thousands have gone through since we began the journey of life.* Younger and better too.

3. *We have often been made to feel ourselves near.* (1.) In personal affliction. We have felt the cold breeze coming up freezing the temple and chilling the blood. (2.) In bereavements. While we have stood

by holy death-beds we have felt the aroma wafted from the lovely scenes on the other side. "The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness." The Divine appeal suggests:

IV. THE SERVICE CHRISTIANITY RENDERS US.

1. *It assures us there is life on the other side of the gates.* In stepping through them, we do not step into black extinction. So much light as this the old philosophers never reached.

2. *It assures us there is blessedness on the other side the gates.* It opens the door of the future and shows us a world of men in heaven. "I saw a great multitude," etc.

"They live, the beautiful, the dead,  
Like stars of fire above our head."

3. *It takes away the instinctive repugnance we feel in stepping through those gates.* "It delivers those who through fear of death are all their lifetime subject to bondage." It takes the sting of death away, etc.

My young friends, you must soon pass through these gates. You are very near them now. "What is your life? A vapor," etc.—the flitting rays of a meteor. With the first breath you drew you took a step toward those gates, and thither you have been wending ever since.

"Your hearts, like muffled drums,  
Are beating funeral marches to the grave."

I would not lessen the pleasures of young life. I would not throw one shade over those bright and glowing prospects which imagination pictures; but I would have you take life as it is, and enjoy it for what it is worth. Enjoy its transitory beauties, but forget not the immortal glories of which these beauties are only the germ.

THE COMFORT OF DIVINE PRESENCE.—"In that day thou shalt say, O Lord, I will praise thee: though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortedst me." *Isa. xii, 1.*

The late Rev. Thomas Scott, during his last illness, sometimes wanted that comfort which he usually enjoyed; and though hope as to his final salvation generally predominated, yet he would say, "Even one fear, where infinity is at stake, is sufficient to countervail all its consoling effects." Having received the Sacrament, at the conclusion of the service, he adopted the language of Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." Through the remainder of the day, and during the night, he continued in a very happy state of mind. To one who came in the evening he said, "It was beneficial to me: I received Christ last night: I bless God for it." He then repeated, in the most emphatic manner, the whole twelfth chapter of Isaiah. The next morning he said, "This is heaven begun. I have done with darkness forever—forever. Satan is vanquished. Nothing now remains but salvation with eternal glory—eternal glory."

NO SECESSION IN HEAVEN.—"They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." *Isa. xxxv, 10.*

During the last illness of the Rev. John Willison, of Dundee, he was visited by Mr. Ralph Erskine; and while conversing together on the happiness of the better country, where the saints are perfect in knowledge

and in love, a pious lady present, who was warmly attached to the National Church, addressed Mr. Erskine in these words, "Ay, sir, there will be no secession in heaven." "O, madam," he instantly replied, "you are under a mistake; for in heaven there will be a complete secession from all sin and sorrow." "With pleasure," said Mr. Willison, "do I adopt that view of secession."

SHAKETH HIS HANDS FROM HOLDING BRIBES.—"That shaketh his hands from holding of bribes." *Isa. xxxiii, 15.*

The borough of Hull, in the reign of Charles II, chose Andrew Marvell, a young gentleman of little or no fortune, and maintained him in London for the service of the public. His understanding, integrity, and spirit, were dreadful to the then infamous administration. Persuaded he would be theirs, if properly asked, they sent his old school-fellow, the Lord Treasurer Danby, to renew acquaintance with him in his garret. At parting the Lord Treasurer slipped into his hand £1,000, and then went to his chariot. Marvell, looking at the paper, called after the Treasurer, "My lord, I request another moment." They went up again to the garret, and the servant boy was called, "I ask, child, what had I for dinner yesterday?" "Do n't you remember, sir, you had the little shoulder of mutton that you ordered me to bring from a woman in the market." "Very right, child. What have I for dinner to-day?" "Do n't you know, sir, that you bid me lay by the blade-bone to broil?" "It is so; very right, child, go away. My lord, do you hear that? Andrew Marvell's dinner is provided; there is your piece of paper, I want it not; I know the sort of kindness you intended; I live here to serve my constituents; the ministry may seek men for their purpose; I am not one."

NO DISTINCTION IN THE GRAVE.—"They are all delivered unto death, to the nether parts of the earth, in the midst of the children of men, with them that go down to the pit." *Ezekiel xxxi, 14.*

A Sultan amusing himself with walking, observed a dervise sitting with a human skull in his lap, and appearing to be in a very profound reverie. His attitude and manner surprised the Sultan, who demanded the cause of his being so deeply engaged in reflection. "Sire," said the dervise, "this skull was presented to me this morning; and I have from that moment been endeavoring, in vain, to discover whether it is the skull of a powerful monarch, like your majesty, or of a poor dervise like myself." A humbling consideration truly.

"Earth's highest station ends in—Here he lies;  
And dust to dust concludes her noblest song."

THE BLOCK OF MARBLE WITHOUT LIFE.—"Thus saith the Lord God unto these bones, Behold, I will cause breath to enter into you, and ye shall live." *Ezekiel xxxvii, 5.*

"I remember," says Rowland Hill, "once conversing with a celebrated sculptor, who had been hewing out a block of marble to represent Lord Chatham. "There," said he, "is not that a fine form?" "Now, sir," said I, "can you put life into it? else, with all its beauty, it is still but a block of marble." Christ, by his Spirit, puts life into a beauteous image, and enables the man he forms to live to his praise and glory."



## Notes and Queries.

**CLARKE'S COMMENTARY—Reply to Query.**—In reply to Syllabus's question respecting Dr. Clarke's Commentaries, we would say that the difficulty arises from confounding *eternal* with *immortal*. God is *eternal*, existing from everlasting to everlasting, while the soul is only immortal after it is created. Again: God is alone immortal, by his own self-existing power; but the soul is only immortal by the sustaining power of God; that is, God's immortality is independent—the soul's dependent, and exists alone by the creative power and will of God.

AUSINONE.

**ANOTHER REPLY.**—To Syllabus's query as to whether Dr. Clarke's statements where in one place he says, *God only hath immortality*, and in another, the *soul* [of man] is *immortal*, are contradictory, or whether both of these or only one is correct, it may be replied both, when properly defined, are correct. Metaphysicians and theologians speak of *two kinds* of immortality; namely, *derived* and *underived*. God only hath absolute, underived immortality; but when he creates spiritual entities and determines to cause them to exist forever, then they also have immortality; but it is derived from God and contingent on his will.

J. P. L.

**ADMISSION INTO CHURCH.**—To the query as to whether the unconverted should be admitted into full membership in the Church, it may be replied: *A rule denying to such persons admission therein should never be made*, for it could never be unmistakably enforced. Those who would administer the rule would never be able absolutely to know that the candidate had undergone the spiritual change. If a committee should question him and decide that he had been so changed, when in fact he had not, then there would be imminent danger that he would rest in an outward service of God and finally perish. But if he, though unconverted, or at least doubtful of his state, should seem sincere in trying to save his soul, and in this state be admitted to full communion in the Church, and at the same time exhorted never to rest till he should be fully satisfied of his conversion; then there would be little chance of his failing of heaven. Reason suggests that this course is infinitely better than, 1. To decide that he is converted, when in fact that, to others, can never be known; or, 2. To refuse him entrance to the Church and endanger his never applying again, when all he needed was the fellowship of the Church and the means of grace to lead him to the evidences of adoption. He that through a sufficient probation shows a sincere desire to be a Christian ought to be admitted fully into the Church.

J. P. L.

**PAPA AND MAMMA.**—A nervous correspondent of the English Notes and Queries thus complains of the use of *papa* and *mamma* as substitutes for the more dignified words, *father* and *mother*. His article is at least amusing:

"To listen to the conversation of young people in the present day, one would think that fathers and mothers were as much things of the past as hair-powder

and patches; and that the world was getting on quite as well without them as it contrives to do without other articles which are now denounced as unfashionable. We have no means of obtaining accurate statistical information on the subject; but it is scarcely possible that railways can have done more to extirpate mail-coaches, than have modern slang and modern affectation to exterminate all traces of the names by which children were formerly wont to address their parents. The managers of the Crystal Palace, always on the alert to add to the attractions of Sydenham, will doubtless, ere long, place accurate representations of a middle-class father and mother among the other extinct animals which grace their grounds. Meanwhile, in anticipation of the new official guide, which shall be published when these interesting objects are ready for public inspection, I would ask when the first sign of decadence in fathers and mothers began to appear? when *papas* and *mamas* were proposed as 'efficient substitutes?' and if the innovation met with the ridicule which it deserved? ST. SWITHIN."

**THE DRUNKARD'S CONCEIT.**—The translation of this amusing poem, which we mentioned in the July number, has been sent us by three or four of our correspondents, who will please accept our thanks for the favor. We present it below:

Out of the tavern I've just stepped to-night;  
Street! you are caught in a very bad plight;  
Right hand and left hand are both out of place—  
Street! you are drunk, 't is a very clear case.

Moon! 't is a very queer figure you cut,  
One eye is staring while t' other is shut;  
Tipsy, I see, and you're greatly to blame;  
Old as you are, 't is a horrible shame!

Then the street lamps, what a scandalous sight!  
None of them soberly standing upright;  
Rocking and staggering—why, on my word,  
Each of the lamps is drunk as a lord!

All is confusion—now is n't it odd?  
I am the only thing sober abroad;  
Sure it were rash with this crew to remain—  
Better go into the tavern again.

**AMENDE.**—What is the real etymological meaning of the French word *amende*, a fine? Does it imply either *retribution* or *compensation*?

MELETES.

["Amende" is supposed to be derived from the Latin *emendatio*, correction. The Latin *menda* and *mendum* signify a fault; properly, perhaps, an error in writing. The term answering to "amende" in Med.-Latin was *amenda*, or *emenda*. We think *amende* implied both retribution and compensation—retribution adjudged, and compensation rendered; except when the *amende* is voluntary and spontaneous, in which case the term would perhaps imply compensation only; so that, should accident ever betray any one into an act which necessitates the *amende honorable*, the only gentlemanly way of getting out of the scrape is to make it voluntarily and promptly.]—*Eng. Notes and Queries.*

**ORIENTAL WORDS IN ENGLISH: GAZETTE, MAGAZINE, CARAT, SATIN.**—Merchandise has certainly enriched the modern languages of Europe, and among the words which I ascribe to this source are the above. As English words, we may owe them to the Continent, Venice, or Spain, but where did they originally come from? *Gazette*, I would derive from the Persian and Syriac word *gaza*, treasure or wealth. This will not prevent us from admitting that the Venetians gave the name to a coin. *Gazetteer* is of course formed from *gazette*, and its uses are well known. *Magazine* is pure Arabic, and properly denotes a storehouse or thesaurus. It very likely came by way of Spain, and is no doubt closely allied to *gazette*. *Carat* is applied to parts or sections into which gold is divided. I suppose it comes from the Shemitic root of the same form, meaning to cut or divide.

*Satin*. Is not this also of Oriental origin, like *sindon* in Latin and Greek; Hebrew, *sadin*; Arabic, *sadan*, etc.?

B. H. C.

**PALM: ROMAN FEET.**—This measure, which is common in the South of Europe, does not represent the "palm" or width of the hand, as in North Europe, but the span, or stretch-out of the hand from the extreme of the thumb to that of the fingers. It, however, varies very much in Italy. In English inches and decimals it is—

At Rome .....	8.796
" (for cloth measure) .....	8.347
In Sicily .....	9.530
In Sardinia .....	9.808
At Naples .....	10.382
At Florence .....	11.490

The Spanish palmo, or 12 dedos, is 8.346. Maritornes; therefore, would have a little over 4 feet, 10 inches in height.

It is not generally known, and it may be of much interest to your readers to be told, that the late celebrated architect and antiquary Luigi Canina made a great number of inquiries as to the length of the ancient Roman foot. He measured very carefully the Antonine and Trajan columns, and found them—exclusive of their pedestals and some pieces let in to repair them—exactly alike. This height, which was known to have been one hundred Roman feet, was measured with extreme care by means of rods of wood carefully dried, and found to be exactly 29.635 French mètres. Measuring chains were then constructed of this length, and the Roman miles—*mille passuum*—carefully measured down the Appian Way as far as the twelfth mile, and were found to correspond with the traditional sites of the milestones. The great length of these measurements being such an extensive check, their accuracy was at once accepted by the Roman archeologists as the best authority known. This would make the ancient Roman foot 11.66753 English inches; and the mile 4,861.41 English feet; being about one-eleventh less than our English mile of 5,280 feet. For rough reckoning the antiquary may deduct one-eleventh from Roman miles to bring them into English; or may add one-tenth to English miles to bring them into Roman, the ratio being 10: 11, but inversely. There is a common error in supposing the Roman mile, or *mille passuum*, was a thousand paces or single steps. This is not the case; the military *passus* consisted of two steps—*gressus*—or about five feet Roman. A. A.

**BEAUTY AND LOVE.**—The following stanzas were recently discovered at Stamford Court, in England. They are addressed to "Mrs. Ursula Barnaby, at the Lady Cornwall's house, Eastham, Worcestershire." They are also without date, but in very old writing. The Cornwall family have not resided at Eastham for two centuries:

"Beauty and Love once fell att odds,  
And thus reviled each other;  
Says Love, I am one of the gods,  
And thou waitest on my mother.  
Thou hast noe power on men att all,  
But what I gave to thee;  
Nor art thou longer fayre or sweet,  
When men acknowledge mee.

Away, fond boy, when Beauty saide,  
We know that thou art blinde;  
For men have eyes, and canst then thou  
My graces better finde?  
'T was I begott thee, mortals know,  
And called thee blinde desire;  
I made thy quiver and thy bow,  
And whings (?) to kindle fire.

Love, then, in anger fled away,  
And straight to Vulcan prayd,  
That he would tip his shafts with scorn  
To punish this fayre mayde.  
So ever since hath Beauty been  
But courted for an hour;  
To love a day is now a sin,  
'Gainst Cupid and his power."

**ETYMOLOGY OF RIOT.**—Riot is an old word both in French and Italian. By the Academy it is regarded as a diminutive of *vire*, to laugh. In the English Bible it never has the sense of quarreling, but always means excess or wantonness; hence it may be translated by the Latin *luxuria*, *commensatio*, etc. Its modern use seems to follow from the fact that the disorder of excess and merry-making often led to brawling and contention.

B. H. C.

**QUERIES.**—1. Have the blind fish of the Mammoth Cave become so because they live in continual darkness? And would they ever see again if restored to the light?

2. Is space created and limited, or is it created and illimitable?

A. J. L.

3. What is meant by, and what is the origin of the word Jacob's staff?

†

4. *Flash Names of Animals.*—Whence do we get the names of Bruin for bear, Reynard for fox, Grimalkin for cat, Donkey for ass, Chanticleer for cock, Dame Partlet or Biddy for hen, Jocko for monkey, Bunny for rabbit, etc.?

Q.

5. Was St. Paul personally acquainted with Christ while he was on earth?

T.

6. Will you, or some of your correspondents, please inform me why the washing of feet is not observed as well as the sacrament of the Lord's Supper?

JENNIE.

7. Was there any visible representation of the Holy Spirit at the Savior's baptism, appearing to John and the multitudes present on that occasion?

## Bible-ward for Children.

GOD'S LITTLE GIRL.—"Papa, dear papa," exclaimed little May Davis, as, bounding into the library, she threw her arms around her father's neck. "I am so very, very glad that I am your little girl! For to-day I walked home from school with Fannie Vale, to see her little kitten; and Mr. Vale was so cross to Fannie, he scolded her for being late, when indeed she could n't help it, and said it was a shame for a girl ten years old to play with a cat. I know I am very often naughty, papa; but I should be ten times worse if Mr. Vale were my father. O! I am so very glad that I am your little girl."

"How did your friend Fannie behave?" asked Mr. Davis, as he kissed his earnest little one. "Did she answer back angrily?"

"No, indeed," said May. "Fannie behaved beautifully—a thousand times better than I would have done. She told her father that she was very sorry to be so late, and then, putting down the pretty little kitten, asked if there was not something he would like her to do for him. Do you see how she can be so good, papa?"

"Yes, my darling," replied Mr. Davis; "for I know whose little girl Fannie is, and I only wish my little daughter was a child of the same Father."

"Indeed, I would n't like to have Fannie's father for mine," said May. "And I do n't see why you would wish such a thing either."

"About a year ago, Fannie gave her heart to Jesus, and now she is God's little girl; that is what I mean," replied Mr. Davis.

"God's little girl!" repeated May; "and does he keep her from being oftener naughty?" and is that why she is always so happy?"

"Yes, darling; that is it," said Mr. Davis.

"Then, papa," whispered May, hiding her face on his shoulder, "I wish—I wish that I was God's little girl, too."

"He would love to have you for his child," replied her father, "and will make you his now, if my little daughter will only ask him."

"But I do n't know how," May answered, looking up sadly; "and besides, I am not half good enough to be God's little girl."

"Jesus says, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,'" replied her father. "He does not say, 'Suffer good little children to come,' but all children, no matter how naughty, if they only wish to be good. He will take my little daughter's sinful heart away, and make her holy if she will only ask him."

"But is Fannie really God's little girl?" asked May. "She loves to laugh and play just like other children, and always seems so merry! Now I thought that when little girls became so very religious, they looked grave and did not care to play as I do."

"Does May remember the day, last Summer, when she was lost in the woods?" asked her father.

"Yes, indeed," replied the child; "I never can forget that day, nor how I cried till you came and found me."

"Did my little daughter enjoy the beautiful flowers, and the birds that sang so sweetly in the trees, better when wandering all alone, or when I found her, and we walked home together, hand in hand?" asked Mr. Davis.

"O! after you found me, papa," exclaimed May; "for then I felt so safe, so happy, that the flowers and birds seemed a thousand times more beautiful than ever before."

"Just so it is with little Fannie," said Mr. Davis. "Once she was lost and wandering far away from the path which leads to heaven; but now she has an Almighty Father ever near, to guide her steps toward that bright home prepared for her in heaven. Would you expect such a little girl to be always grave and joyless?"

"No, indeed," replied May. "I would expect her to be just as she is—very, very happy. And, papa, I mean to ask God, before I go to sleep, if he won't please make me his little girl, 'for Jesus' sake.'"

Tears of joy filled that father's eyes as he looked upon his little one; but fearing that she might mistake them for tears of sadness, he said cheerfully, "God will bless my precious one, and keep her close to him through life and death, if she will henceforth love and obey him."

"Yes, dear papa," said the child earnestly, "I will give my heart to Jesus, and ask him to help me be good." And then with a bright smile she added, "It will make me very, very happy to know that I am his little girl."

Does my dear little reader intend to wander through the world all alone? "No, indeed," may be your answer: "papa and mamma are with me, and they love me ever so much." But they can not live always, darling, nor could they take their little one, if she were dying, and carry her to that happy home in heaven. No one but Jesus can do this, and he is waiting now—waiting to call you his child. Will you not go to-day and ask him to make you his little girl, and then strive like May to love and obey him? This will make you very happy, if you live; and if you die, Jesus will bear you through the dark valley, and carry you in his bosom, a little folded lamb in heaven.—*Christian Times.*

LITTLE BESSIE AND HER BIBLE.—Little Bessie was the only daughter of poor parents. Her mother was a hard-working woman, and did all she could toward making her home comfortable and happy; but her father was idle and intemperate.

When little Bessie was six years old, she began to attend the Sabbath school. She was a bright, attentive child; and as soon as she was able to read the fifth chapter of Matthew correctly, without spelling a word, her teacher, Miss Alice, gave her a little red-covered Bible, with her name printed in gilt letters upon the back. A very proud and happy child was she when she went home from Sunday school and exhibited her treasure to her mother; and from that time she never failed to commit a verse to memory every day. When Bessie was eight years old she was taken very ill. The doctor came to see her, but as he saw her flushed cheek and parched lips, and took her little wrist in his hand, he shook his head.

"Do you think I shall get well?" asked little Bessie, looking up into his face with her great black eyes.

"I hope so," replied the doctor.

"But do you think I shall?" persisted Bessie. "I shan't be afraid to die, and go to heaven, where Jesus is."

"I can not tell, my little girl," replied the doctor; "God will take care of you."

"Yes, he will," said Bessie softly; and after that she became delirious, so that she did not know even her mother, or her Sunday school teacher, or her father, who sat by her bedside, watching her from morning to night. He was quite sober now, for he loved his little girl dearly, and he was afraid God was going to take her away from him.

One night she had reason again, and knew them all, calling each one by name. Miss Alice stood very near her.

"Am I going to die, Miss Alice?" was the first question she asked.

"I think you are, my dear," replied her teacher. Are you willing to die?"

"O yes!" said Bessie, smiling sweetly, "I am glad I love Jesus, and I want to go to heaven. But, Miss Alice, when I go, I want you to put my little Bible in my hands. God will let me carry it to heaven, I guess, because I am so little. Then when Jesus says, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' I can turn right to the place, and I know he will

be glad I learned it while I was down here. Will you, Miss Alice?"

"Yes, my darling," said Miss Alice. "You shall have it in your hands."

Bessie's father, sitting beside her, burst into tears, for it almost broke his heart to think that she was going to leave him.

"Shan't I see you again, my little girl?" he sobbed out at length.

"If you will love the dear Savior, father, you will go to heaven," she whispered, putting her weak little hand in his. "Won't you love him? I shall want you and mother there."

"I do n't know what to do—I do n't know how to find the way," cried the poor unfortunate man.

Then little Bessie's face brightened, and she beckoned Miss Alice near.

"Do n't put my Bible in my hands, when I go," she said, "I want father to have it, and when I get to heaven I will tell Jesus that I left my Bible to show father and mother how to find the way. Be sure you come, father; be sure—you—come!"

These words were the last that little Bessie spoke.

Her father and mother wept over her coffin, and held her little Bible in their clasped hands. They never forgot her dying charge, and that precious book was read and studied by them both, till they gave their hearts to Christ, and learned the way to heaven.

**NOTHING TO THANK GOD FOR.**—A little girl did not want to pray when she retired to rest. I do not like to tell you her true name, so I will call her Helen.

"Have you nothing to thank God for?" asked her mother.

"No," said Helen, "you and papa give me every thing."

"Not for your pleasant home?" asked mother. "It is my papa's house; he lets me live in it." "Where did the wood come from to build it?" asked mother. "From trees," answered Helen, "and they grew in big forests." "Who planted the big forests? Who gave rain to water them? who gave the sun to warm them? who did not allow the Winter to kill them, or the lightning to blast them? Who kept them growing from little trees to trees big enough to build houses with? Not papa, not man; it was God."

Helen looked her mother in the eye and then said, "Papa bought nails to make it with." "What are nails made of?" asked mamma. "Iron," answered Helen, "and men dig iron out of the ground." "Who put iron in the ground, and kept it there safe till the men wanted it?" asked mother. "It was God."

"We got this carpet from carpet men," said Helen, drawing her small, fat foot across it. "Where did the carpet men get the wool to make it from?" asked mother. "From farmers," answered Helen. "And where did the farmers get it?" "From sheep and lambs' backs," said the little girl. "And who clothed the lambs in dresses good enough for us? for your dress, I see, is made of nothing but lambs' wool. The best thing we can get is their cast-off dresses. Where did the lambs get such good stuff?" "God gave it to them, I suppose," said the little girl.

"It is you that gives me bread, mother," said she quickly. "But," said her mother, "the flour we got from the store, and the store bought it from the miller, and the miller took the wheat from the farmer, and the farmer had it from the ground, and the ground grew it all itself?" "No," cried Helen suddenly, "God grew it. The sun, and the rain, and the wind, and the air are his, and he sent them to the corn-field. The earth is his too. And so God is at the bottom of every thing; is n't he, mother?" "Yes," said mother; "God is the origin of every good and perfect gift which we enjoy."

The little girl looked serious. She looked thinking. "Then, mamma," she said at last, "I can't make a prayer long enough to thank God for every thing."

"And have you nothing to ask his forgiveness for?" asked the little girl's mother. "Yes," she said in a low tone, "for not feeling grateful, and trying to put him out of my thoughts." Helen never after that refused to pray.

**WHAT USE BOYS AND GIRLS CAN MAKE OF SPARE MOMENTS.**—A lean, awkward boy, says Mrs. H. C. Knight, came to the door of the principal of a celebrated school, one morning, and asked to see him. The servant eyed his mean clothes, and, thinking he looked more like a beggar than any thing else, told him to go round to the kitchen. The boy did as he was bidden, and soon appeared at the back door.

"I should like to see Mr. —," said he.

"You want a breakfast, more like," said the servant girl, "and I can give you that without troubling him."

"Thank you," said the boy; "I should like to see Mr. —, if he can see me."

"Some old clothes may be you want," remarked the servant, again eyeing the boy's patched clothes, "I guess he has none to spare—he gives away a sight." And, without minding the boy's request, the servant went about her work.

"Can I see Mr. —?" again asked the boy, after finishing his bread and butter.

"Well, he is in the library; if he must be disturbed, he must. He does like to be alone sometimes," said the girl in a peevish tone.

She seemed to think it very foolish to take such a boy into her master's presence. However, she wiped her hands and bade him follow.

Opening the library door she said, "Here 's somebody who is dreadful anxious to see you, and so I let him in."

I do n't know how the boy introduced himself, or how he opened his business; but I know that, after talking awhile, the principal put aside the volume he was studying, and took up some Greek books and began to examine the new comer. The examination lasted for some time. Every question the principal asked the boy was answered as readily as could be.

"Upon my word," exclaimed the principal, "you do well," looking at the boy from head to foot over his spectacles. "Why, my boy, where did you pick up so much?"

"*In my spare moments*," answered the boy.

Here was a poor, hard-working boy, with few opportunities for schooling, yet almost fitted for college by simply improving his spare moments. Truly are spare moments the "gold dust of time." How precious they should be! What account can you give of your spare moments? What can you show for them? Look and see. This boy can tell you how much can be laid up by improving them; and there are many, very many other boys, I am afraid, in the jail, and in the house of correction, in the gambling-house, in the tipping shop, who, if you were to ask them where they began their sinful courses, might answer, "*in my spare moments*."

O, be very careful how you spend your spare moments! The tempter always hunts you out in small seasons like these; when you are not busy, he gets into your hearts, if he possibly can, in just such gaps. There he hides himself, planning all sorts of mischief. Take care of the spare moments!

#### RIDDLES FOR THE MONTH.—

##### I.

Of a brave set of brethren I stand at the head,  
And, to keep them quite warm, I cram three in a bed;  
Six of them in prison I unfeelingly put,  
And three I confine in a mean, little hut:  
To escape my fell gripe, three reside in the sky;  
And though strange it may seem, we have all but one eye:  
Our shape is as various as wondrous our use is,  
Of science the source, and the soul of the muses.

##### II.

Once in a year I'm sought with care,  
And all that year I'm trusted;  
But when that year is out, you are  
With my advice disgusted.

##### III.

My first is a prop; my second is a prop; my whole is nothing else than a prop.



## Inside Cleanings.

ENGLAND AIDING AND ABETTING AT A CHINESE DISBOWELING.—The following picture of the brutalities committed on the Taepings by the Imperialists in China, is too horrible for disclosure. Yet what do we see in it? *England*, "the great conservator of civilization"—*England*, so horrified at "the barbarities practiced by the North" in putting down the most fiendish rebellion on record—*England*, suborning Christianity and practicing Buddhism in India for political effect, and then smothering rebellion by shooting men from cannon—*England*, with fleets and armies forcing the poor Chinaman to become opium-eater that she might enjoy the profits of the trade!—we behold this same *England* at the disemboweling of the poor Chinamen, not an involuntary spectator, but—through her officers and soldiers—a willing accomplice. The picture is drawn by an Englishman, and, therefore, is probably not overdrawn. In its light we may study *England*. But to the narration:

I went with the crowd to see the execution of the Taeping prisoners that had been given up for execution into the hands of the mandarins by the English and French authorities; or, what is the same thing, they took no measures to prevent the ruthless butchery of those they lent their aid to capture, when, horror of horrors, how am I to describe the dreadful scene, or will it ever leave my memory? Among these wretches were young and old, of both sexes, and of all ages and sizes, from the infant recently born to the man of eighty, tottering on his staff; from the *eniente* woman to the young maiden from ten to eighteen. The latter were pushed out by the guards among the crowds of ruffians assembled, and were taken into the sheds and by-places and debauched, and again dragged back by the hair of the head to the Chinese guards to await their turn for execution. Some of them had fainted, and were pulled along the ground to the executioner, who threw them on their backs, tore off their clothes, and ripped them from the lower part of the abdomen to their breasts, which were cut off and dashed with a curse in their faces. The bowels, as a matter of course, gushed out; but the cut was made in such a way, and so skillfully, and with such expertness, that the intestines were seldom injured. After a long time in this state of excessive torture, the executioner thrust his hand into the chest and tore out the reeking heart, his victim looking him in the face all the while. A young female, apparently about eight months pregnant, who never uttered a groan or sigh at all the previous cruelties she had endured from the surrounding mob, had her infant cut out of her womb, and held up in her sight by one of its little hands, bleeding and quivering; when at the sight she gave one heart-rending, piercing screech that would have awakened pity in a tiger, and it had been in that state dashed on her breast, she, with a last superhuman effort, released her arms from those holding her down, and clasped her infant to her bleeding heart and died, holding it there with such force that they could not be separated, and were thus thrown together on the pile of other carcasses. Another young woman among the prisoners, awaiting her turn to be disemboweled, with a fine boy of ten months old crouching and jumping in her arms, had him snatched suddenly away from her and flung to the executioner, who plunged the ruthless knife into his tender breast before his mother's eyes. Infants but recently born were torn from their mother's breast, and disemboweled before their faces. Young, strong men were disemboweled, mutilated, and the parts cut off thrust into their own mouths,

or flung among the admiring and laughing crowd of Chinamen. But no more, I can write no more of these scenes; I can now only regret forever that I looked on the dreadful sight. I am no longer fit to be a soldier. I have been in many battles during the last twenty years, and in the thickest of the fight in most of them, where a rage and thirst for carnage is dreadful to reflect on afterward, but nothing heretofore that I have seen or heard of, or even read of, could be compared to the dreadful cruelty of this disemboweling execution. May God forgive *England* for the part she is taking in this war, and may the sin of the enormities she has assisted in perpetrating on the defenseless woman, and innocent and helpless child, be removed from her door! and after the treatment English women and children met with from the hands of the blacks in the Sepoy mutiny, it is truly wonderful that Englishmen should join in or countenance similar atrocities here.

Poor F., who came with me to see the execution, fell down in a fainting fit, and was in that state carried away, and is now a raving maniac from the effects that dreadful sight had on him.

RACE BETWEEN POMPEY AND THE JOURNAL OF COMMERCE.—There is broad humor as well as telling logic in Henry Ward Beecher's treatment of the *negrophobia* of the New York Journal of Commerce. He says:

The Journal of Commerce is disquieted beyond all measure at the prospect of *negro equality*. No sentence can well be constructed in which the term African or negro is introduced, which does not, to its fear, in some open or mysterious way seem to signify equality. Are slaves of rebels to be emancipated? It is an attempt to make negroes equal to white men! Are our generals inclined to receive self-emancipated slaves, and to get important information from them? Another step toward negro equality! But fear has become terror, now that Congress has clothed the Government with authority to employ the African population in all our armies, to perform the labors of the camp, the drudgery of intrenching, and to bear arms when their services are indispensable. Its leader of Monday has as many reasons against this common-sense procedure as there are caterpillars on a neglected spring apple-tree.

Now, for our part, we have not the least fear that we shall be put down by a negro. At any rate, we intend to make such good use of our opportunities, that, if a negro overtakes us in the race, it shall be by such splendid running as shall justify his precedence. But every man must be left to judge for himself. If the Journal of Commerce men, upon a careful estimate of their relative capabilities, are satisfied that they can not hold their own in a fair race with the negro, we do not blame them for dreading a defeat; but is it wise to let all the world know it?

But, really, is there any real danger? We think not. The gentlemen of that journal have inherited a very poor stock in politics, undoubtedly. But otherwise they are estimable and skillful. They have many advantages over the African, which, by a judicious husbanding, will keep them creditably ahead. They are in the first place *white*, and in an honest way, too. Some negroes are white. But they come by their blood improperly. They are obliged to say, with the chief captain, "with a great sum obtained I this *whiteness*;" while our friends with Paul can say, "But I was *white* born."

Then, too, they have had good education; they have an honorable profession—an unquestioned position in society. They have many prejudices in their favor, many customs, and some laws. Indeed, with any thing like diligence in the

use of means, we think the editors of *The Journal of Commerce* will come out ahead of the negroes. But, should the dire fear be prophetic, who is at fault, and what can we do to help them? Both our disposition and public profession oblige us to aid the weaker side in all great strifes for preëminence. Hitherto we have been considerate for the African. A child of heathenism; under the yoke of bondage; uncouth in personal appearance; excluded from civil law, and pent up within a slave code, which, by the frank confession of its juridical expounders, seeks only the master's interest; shut out from all ordinary industrial pursuits, when set free, by a prejudice as impenetrable as a buck-thorn hedge; the butt of ridicule; and shut down by haughty public sentiment to the condition of an inferior race—we have hitherto supposed that benevolence should have sympathy with the negro as the most helpless, neglected, and abused of all the human family.

But it seems we were mistaken. They are mighty men. They threaten to outrun white folks, or at least to rise up to an equality with them. Day after day there is a dreadful hallucination, full of specters; not of rats here! rats there! rats every-where! not, as in some other instances, spiders, and worms, and hideous faces peering out here and glaring forth there! It is the negro that haunts the *delirium tremens* of patriotism in our neighbors' case. They wake up of nights, shrieking negroes, negroes! They are seized at mid-day, and alarm the neighborhood with outcries of negroes, negroes! Wherever they go, they are liable to these sad fits. It is probable that they see negroes in trees, and stones, and running brooks. The earth and air are full of negroes, and all of this ubiquitous tribe seem rushing after the editors of *The Journal of Commerce*!

In the Apocalypse, among the seer's visions was one of "a pale horse; and his name that sat on him was Death, and hell followed with him." If the editors of *The Journal of Commerce* were to write a commentary, they would, no doubt, prove that this vision meant the uprising of the negro race, riding down white folks, "and hell following."

But as we have not set this race on foot, so we do not see how we can stop it. It is *The Journal of Commerce* folks that are determined to run a race with the African. We can only be spectators and see fair play between them. A fair field, then strip and at it, gentlemen all. Let the thing be settled. We shall take neither side; not with those who cry, "Go it, Journal," nor with those who shout, "Go it, negro." We stand calmly impartial, determined to put the wreath upon the head of the victor, whether it falls on silk or wool.

**SOLILOQUY OF AN OLD MISER AS REPORTED BY THE WINDS.**—Many things conspire to give this "soliloquy" peculiar applicability at the present time. We reproduce it. To how many of our readers will it prove a mirror?

A missionary anniversary to be held! I really should like to go. We need more of a missionary spirit. There are millions yet, who are in heathenish darkness, bowing down to wood and stone, and practicing all the horrors of pagan rites. The Bible ought to be sent to them. But then it costs too much money. Many of my own fellow-men are living in sin, without God in the world, even some in my very midst, which I know by their continually trying to cheat and rob me. The Gospel ought to be preached to them. But it costs too much money.

The preacher's salary to be made up! I can't see what ministers mean. Not many years ago they could live on fifty dollars; now it takes six times that amount. Old Paul, and some of the apostles who were better preachers than any we have now, labored for nothing; and Christ himself says, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord." Ministers ought to try to retrench their expenses. True, the world is full of sinners. We could find employment for even more ministers than we now have. But those that we have already cost us too much money.

A Sabbath school to be commenced in the village! I like the idea. The little boys are running into my fields all Sabbath and injuring my fruit and grain; they ought to be kept at something else. An hour or two spent in reading the Bible could not be more profitably passed away. It would make a wiser and more Christian generation of men after us; would save much property, and might be the means of bringing some of the little ones to Christ, who says, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." I like the idea, and I'd vote for it; only it will cost us too much money.

An institution of learning to be supported! I can't see why they should call on me. I have no children. It will never help me any thing. I know that knowledge is useful; that it is a handmaid to religion; that it will render men happier; that it will ameliorate the condition of the human race. But then it costs too much money. We ought not to enter upon such large enterprises. I'm sure I did without seminaries and colleges, and other people can too. It's merely pride in the children, who want to know more than their fathers. A little education may be good. I would support common schools; but not academies, high schools, and colleges. They cost too much money.

The tract agent round again! Why, it has not been three months since he was here last. Still at the old business. He is engaged in a noble work after all. Those little tracts preach where men can not; they can speak at all times; they save, besides, the great expense of employing ministers. I think the idea of using tracts instead of preachers was a wise one, and its practice has shown that it is much less expensive. Tracts can be sent into lands where many ministers would never venture. Like the apostles on the day of Pentecost, they speak with many tongues. They are, undoubtedly, accomplishing great good. But then the printing and distribution of them costs a great deal of money too.

The tax-collector's bill here! Poor tax; I do n't see why people are poor. It's all hypocrisy. "Let the dead bury their dead," the poor feed their poor. I do n't believe in supporting a set of paupers. And here 's school-tax. I think of all laws these school laws are the most unjust, as they compel a man to pay for what he never can use. My idea would be that only those who have the advantages should pay the costs. Poll-tax—I'd rather not vote than pay so much. Property-tax—I could take as good care of my property myself as the public does. State-tax—what have I to do with the State, or the State with me, that — but sure as fate there come a few members of the "Ladies' Benevolent Association." I must go down and tell my servant to inform them I'm not at home.

**HOW OUR NEIGHBOR BECAME RICH.**—There is a neighbor of ours over the way who commenced life a poor boy. He is now rich. When he was asked the other day how he had acquired his riches, he thus replied:

My father taught me never to play till my work for the day was finished, and never to spend money till I had earned it. If I had but half an hour's work to do, I must do that the first thing, and in half an hour. I formed the habit of doing every thing in its time, and it soon became easy to do so. It is to this habit that I owe my prosperity.

**TAKING THE CANADAS.**—A good story is told of an officer in the American army during the war of 1812-14, who was, and is still, more accustomed to the use of the sword than the pen. While stationed on the lake frontier, two of his soldiers, brothers, by the name of Kennedy, and usually called Kannaday, deserted. The officer of whom we are speaking wrote an order, and issued it to a subaltern, to take a file of men and proceed to a place named and take the two Canadas. The order was peremptory, and not to be trifled with. The officer looked at his instructions and prepared to obey them, but he remarked that he did not believe he could take more than one of the provinces without a re-enforcement!

## Literary, Scientific, and Statistical Items.

**DEATH OF PROF. MUDGE.**—We are grieved to learn of the death, on the 24th of July, of Prof. Thomas H. Mudge, at Baldwin City, Kansas. He was lately Professor of Hebrew and Biblical Literature in M'Kendree College, and at the time of his decease pastor of the Church in Baldwin City. He was an accomplished scholar and an able theologian, and had for some time, we believe, been preparing a Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Pentateuch. For this work he had acquired a large and valuable library by importations from England and the continent. He was a most amiable and most excellent man, and his loss will be widely felt. His death was sudden.

**DEATH OF EX-PRESIDENT VAN BUREN.**—Martin Van Buren, Ex-President of the United States, died at his residence at Lindenwald, New York, July 24th, in the eightieth year of his age. He was active in political matters at a very early age, and was regarded as one of the most wily politicians of his time. He has been Minister to England, Secretary of State, and Vice-President, and in 1836 he was elected President. The most important measure of his administration was the Sub-Treasury scheme, providing that the Government should keep its specie in the hands of its own officers instead of depositing it in banks. In 1840 he was nominated for President, but was defeated by General Harrison. In 1844 he sought a nomination, but failed. In 1848 he was nominated again by the Free Soil party, but did not receive a single electoral vote. Since 1850 he has been identified again with the Democratic party.

**MANUFACTURE OF SALT AT THE SOUTH.**—The Charleston papers state that salt is being manufactured in considerable quantities around that city, some twelve boiling establishments being in operation in and near Charleston. The yield is or soon will be about thirty thousand bushels per annum, which can be increased to any amount.

**ANTIQUARIAN DISCOVERY.**—Sir H. Rawlinson announces to those who are interested in the comparative chronology of the Jewish and Assyrian kingdoms, the discovery of a cuneiform document, which promises to be of the greatest possible value in determining the dates of all great events which occurred in Western Asia between the beginning of the ninth and the latter half of the seventh century before Christ.

**THE FRENCH NAVY.**—The last official reports of the steam navy of France show that that power has three hundred and sixty war vessels propelled by steam, of which number one hundred and seventy-two are in commission and thirty are iron-clads. Ten iron-plated ships are building, each carrying thirty-six guns, besides the six iron frigates and twelve floating batteries now complete. No wonder England is nervous.

**PROOF-READING.**—The absence of accurate proof-reading in our American newspapers is often a subject

of remark by the English press. The proof-reader on the London Times receives an editorial salary, but has to forfeit one guinea for every typographical error, even a turned letter, in each day's impression. If he has marked an error on the proof the compositor who neglected to correct it pays the forfeit.

**NEW INFLAMMABLE LIQUID.**—A new inflammable liquid has been invented by a Paris chemist. The bottle containing the liquid being broken it burns every thing near it. At an experiment made with it at Marseilles large heaps of timber were consumed, and the earth was calcined to the depth of a foot. It is intended as a charge for shells.

**ANCIENT LIBRARY.**—There is a report that the famous library of the chivalrous King of Hungary, Mathias Corvinus, has been discovered at Constantinople by three Hungarian gentlemen. It was carried to Constantinople from Pesth by the Turks after one of their invasions of Hungary, but was supposed to have been destroyed long ago.

**CEMENT TRADE IN AUSTRALIA.**—The town of Victoria, in Australia, has hitherto received its supplies of patent cement from England at a cost of about £40,000 a year. Septaria, the material from which the patent cement is manufactured, has now been discovered in large quantities in Australia.

**THE GREAT CHINESE WALL.**—A traveler in the East thus describes this vast work of human industry, which is said to have cost the country two hundred thousand lives from sheer physical exhaustion: The wall, which is built of stone and brick, is twenty feet high and fifteen feet broad, surmounted by a double parapet, loop-holed on the north side. As far as the eye can follow the mountain range it winds over the ridges of the precipitous black rocks like a gigantic serpent crawling along, and with its breath poisoning all around, for turn where you will nothing meets the view but the desolate, dreary tract of rock, unrelieved by a blade of grass or a tuft of moss, and huge boulders strewing the base of the mountain sides. It was the whim of a tyrant to build a wall where nature had already built a barrier far more effectual than any thing that human art could construct. However, there it remains after a lapse of nearly two thousand years—a monument of the cruel folly of one man and the patient industry and sufferings of many thousands.

**MANUFACTURES IN OHIO.**—The manufacturing establishments in the State of Ohio, as shown by the census of 1860, were 10,710, employing 69,830 males and 11,400 females, involving capital to the extent of \$58,000,000, and using \$70,000,000 raw material annually.

**NATIONAL DEBT.**—If the debt of the United States at the beginning of the year 1863 should be eight hundred millions of dollars, it will still be less than one-fifth of the national debt of England, less than one-half that of France, and about half that of Austria.

## Library Notices.

(1.) **SCRIPTURE CABINET; or, Texts and Truths Illustrated.** By Erwin House, A. M. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock. 12mo. 432 pp. Price, \$1.—We learn that Mr. House has been a series of years in collecting the material of this volume, the general character of which may be inferred from the department of Scripture Cabinet in our own columns. The work is not intended to be a cyclopedia of religious anecdotes, nor a collection even of such anecdotes, though in the elucidation of a text these are freely employed. Its primary object is, by facts in daily life, historical incident, analogy, appropriate narrative, and the like, to apply such passages of Scripture as are most intimately related to daily religious experience. The minister will find it valuable for reference in his preparation for pulpit and pastoral duties; the leader of the class, the prayer, and social meeting, the Christian at home, the superintendent of the Sabbath school, Bible class, teachers, and pupils, will also find in its expositions abundant and profitable material.

We observe that many of the ablest sermonic, religious, and belles-lettres writers of this country and England have been drafted for material—Thomson, Robertson, Barnes, Beecher, Bushnell, Fuller, M'Cosh, Robert Newton, Peter Bayne, Dr. Holland, Professor Wharton, Guthrie, Walker, etc.

No work of its kind can compare with it in completeness, and he who desires an advancement in the Christian life will find in it an earnest and excellent helper.

In typographical execution the volume surpasses any thing we have seen from the Western Book Concern, and those who know the style in which our Agents publish, will comprehend the extent of our meaning.

(2.) **SERMONS, EXPOSITORY AND PRACTICAL.** By Rev. Richard Hargrave, of the North-Western Indiana Conference. With an Introduction by Bishop Simpson. Cincinnati: Published for the Author, by Poe & Hitchcock. 407 pp. 12mo. \$1.—These sermons are in general well prepared and very readable. The style in some of them is rather flowery for our taste; but as the author was urged by his friends, who requested their publication, to leave in the poetic embellishments of his own composing, perhaps we should not object too strongly. While these discourses are mainly expository and practical, they are to some extent also doctrinal; and the Arminian theology is well presented and defended. In many instances the author puts his points with remarkable aptness, and argues his positions with singular force. May our brother, long after he has ceased to occupy the pulpit in person, continue to preach by his pen!

(3.) **THE HELM, THE SWORD, AND THE CROSS.** By Rev. A. M. Lorrain. 12mo. 456 pp. Cincinnati: Western Book Concern.—Rev. A. M. Lorrain has been long known as one of our most sparkling and witty writers. With the pen he is emphatically a live man. His book is a live book. It is not filled up with dry

disquisitions, but with living verities. It is a life-picture, and will be read with interest. Its sale, we are glad to know, will contribute to the support of the old veteran, now that he is laid aside from effective labor. But beyond all such considerations, the purchaser will get a just *quid pro quo* for his money. The young as well as the old will find this an interesting as well as instructive volume. Had we space we should be glad to transfer some of its graphic pictures to our pages.

(4.) **CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPEDIA, A DICTIONARY OF UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE FOR THE PEOPLE.** Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—Parts 46 to 49 inclusive of this invaluable book have been laid upon our table. Price, 15 cents each part. For sale by Rickey & Carroll.

(5.) **THE BOOK OF DAYS**, a miscellany of popular antiquities in connection with the calendar, including anecdote, biography, and history, curiosities of literature, and oddities of human life and character. It is to be issued in monthly parts at 20 cents each. Parts I and II are before us, and from them we augur most favorably for the work. Published and for sale as above.

(6.) **CATALOGUES.**—1. *Ohio Wesleyan University*, Delaware, O. Rev. Frederick Merrick, A. M., President, assisted by 8 professors and tutors. Students, 307.

2. *Indiana Asbury University*, Greencastle, Ia. Rev. Thomas Bowman, D. D., President, assisted by 8 professors. Students, 229.

3. *Ohio University*, Athens, O. Rev. Solomon Howard, D. D., President, assisted by 5 professors. Students, 116.

4. *Illinois Wesleyan University*, Bloomington, Ill. Rev. Oliver S. Munsell, D. D., President, assisted by 4 professors. Students, 96.

5. *Wesleyan Female College*, Cincinnati, O. Rev. Robert Allyn, A. M., President, assisted by 14 teachers.

6. *Ohio Wesleyan Female College*, Delaware, O. Rev. Park S. Donelson, D. D., President, assisted by 6 teachers. Students, 194.

7. *Xenia Female College*, Xenia, O. William Smith, A. M., President, assisted by 5 teachers. Students, 118.

8. *Rome Academy*, Rome, N. Y. Rev. Wm. S. Hooper, Principal, assisted by 3 teachers. Students, 164.

9. *Providence Conference Seminary*, East Greenwich, R. I. Rev. Bernice D. Ames, A. M., Principal, assisted by 8 teachers. Students, 196.

10. *Whitewater College*, Centerville, Ia. Rev. W. H. Barnes, A. M., President, assisted by 6 teachers.

(7.) **BLOODGUILTINESS OF RUMSELLING**, is a pungent discourse delivered by Rev. David Gibson, of the New York Conference, "at the funeral of a man who died of delirium tremens." Published by the American Temperance Union, 10 Park Bank, N. Y.

(8.) **BLACKWOOD**, for July, has been received. New York: L. Scott & Co. Cincinnati: G. N. Lewis. \$3 per annum.



## Editor's Table.

**LAKE GEORGE—SCENERY AND HISTORIC ASSOCIATIONS—THE SLIDE.**—This beautiful picture is from an original painting by J. W. Casilear, and has been exquisitely engraved expressly for the Repository by Mr. Hinshelwood.

Lake George is widely celebrated for its scenery. Its length is about thirty-six miles. The Indians gave to it the name of *Horicon*, or *Silver Water*, on account of the purity of its waters. The French, who early explored Lake Champlain and settled upon its shores, when they penetrated to Lake George gave to it the name of *Sacrament*, the name being suggested by its pure waters. The bed of the lake is a yellowish sand, and the water is so transparent that a white object, such as an earthen plate, may be seen at the bottom at the depth of nearly forty feet. The shores of the lake have numerous indentations, many of them pent in by tall and overhanging bluffs. Some of the mountain peaks that skirt the lake rise to a height of over two thousand feet. Black Mountain is twenty-two hundred. Another grand feature of the scenery of this lake is the numerous islands which dot its surface. Of these there are said to be three hundred and sixty-five, or one for each day in the year.

There is hardly a square mile any where along the shores of this lake that has not its historical associations. It has been made classical by thrilling scenes enacted during the old French and Indian wars and the war of the Revolution. Fort William Henry, near the head of the lake, was built in 1755, and was the scene of a battle between the British troops under General Johnson and the French and Indian forces under Baron Dieskau. The assault of the latter was repulsed, and their leader severely wounded and made a prisoner. Two years later the fort was captured by the French and Indians under Montcalm, and, in violation of the terms of the capitulation, more than fifteen hundred soldiers were butchered or carried into captivity by the Indians. Fort William Henry was completely destroyed and never rebuilt. Fort George was erected in its place. This was the starting-point of General Abercrombie in his expedition against Ticonderoga and the French posts upon Lake Champlain. The ruins of the fort are all that now remain, and these are scattered over several acres. Diamond Island was made a depot for military stores for Burgoyne's army in 1777. Within Long Island is Harris's Bay, where Montcalm moored his batteaux, March 16, 1757, and landed his troops preparatory to an advance upon Fort William Henry. "Dome Island" wears that name from its appearance, as seen in the distance, to a dome. Here Major Putnam concealed his rangers while watching the movements of Montcalm. The lake near its center is comparatively narrow. Tall cliffs approach even to the water's edge. The islands are so numerous and crowded that there is left only a narrow channel for the passage of steamboats.

Just north of the narrows, and shooting out from the west shore, is a fertile strip of land called "Sab-

bath Day Point." It is not only remarkable for its picturesque scenery, but also for its historic interest. Here in 1756 a small provincial force were cooped up by a large body of French and Indians. To escape across the lake was impossible. Their desperate circumstances inspired them to desperate measures. They turned upon the enemy with the force of men determined to conquer or to die, and defeated them with great slaughter. In 1758 General Abercrombie, then advancing upon Fort Ticonderoga with 16,000 men in innumerable whaleboats and batteaux, landed here on Saturday night, July 5th, and his troops debarked and spread themselves over the fields for a few hours' rest. At this place, also, a scouting party of militia from Saratoga county encountered a body of Tories and Indians in 1776, whom they repulsed, killing and wounding about forty.

At the foot of Lake George stands Fort Ticonderoga, to which we have already referred, and which has been the scene of important events in our national history. The word Ticonderoga is said to be a corruption of the Indian word Cheonderoga, which signifies *sounding water*. It derives its name from the rushing of the waters at the outlet of Lake George. The fort was erected by the French, and was one of their principal military stations in the old French and Indian war. Abercrombie, after gaining temporary successes, was finally defeated before it in 1758, with a loss of nearly two thousand men. General Amherst, who succeeded Abercrombie in the command of the British forces in North America, invested the fort with eleven thousand men, when it was dismantled and abandoned by its garrison the 26th of July, 1759. It was now repaired and strengthened, and henceforth served as an important basis of operations for the British as it had before for the French. Nor was this all. Only a few years later it was made to play an important rôle in the war for American independence. On the 10th day of May, and just twenty-one days after the battle of Lexington had been fought, Ethan Allen, at the head of 270 sons of New England, thundered at the door of its commander, Delaplace, demanding its surrender "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." The fort is now a ruin.

Between Sabbath Day Point and Ticonderoga, and on the western shore of the lake, is "The Slide," or, as it is sometimes called, Rogers's Rock. Huge masses of rock are here piled up in wild confusion. The whole height of the rock is about four hundred feet. The "Slide," which is almost a smooth surface, and at an angle of about sixty-five degrees elevation, is two hundred feet. The scene is wild and picturesque in the extreme.

The name of Rogers became connected with it on this wise: Major Rogers was the commander of a corps of rangers, employed principally in scouting service during the French and Indian war. On one occasion, during the Winter of 1758, he was surprised and put

to flight by a band of hostile Indians. Equipped with snow-shoes he made good his escape, till he came suddenly upon the brow of the mountain. Quick as thought he had decided upon the expedient for his escape. He descended to the top of the smooth rock, cast his knapsack and his haversack of provisions down upon the ice two hundred feet below. Then he slipped off his snow-shoes, and without moving them from the snow turned himself about upon them and laced them to his feet again. He thus retraced his steps some rods, and at length struck a ravine, down which he made his way to the ice below. Once landed he snatched up his pack and fled rapidly across the lake on the ice. The Indians coming to the brow of the rock saw the two tracks, marked how they descended to the naked rock, and concluded the persons they were in pursuit of had been dashed to pieces at its base. While they were looking down to discover the bodies of the two victims, they saw the gallant leader of the rangers making his way out upon the ice. Not doubting that he had slid down the fearful precipice, they imagined him to be under the special protection of the Great Spirit, and so ceased from any further effort in the pursuit.

Some traditions affirm that Major Rogers actually slid down the precipice, and that by superior coolness and force of muscle he made the fearful passage safely. The former, however, is undoubtedly the true account.

**ARTICLES DECLINED.**—Some of the following articles have been written with care, and might have been published but for the crowd of matter we have on hand. In declining them we mean no disrespect or unkindness to their respective authors. We wish them all "better success next time." We may also as well say here, that we have on hand a large number of articles, which, though not included in this list, may nevertheless fail to appear in our columns.

*Prose.*—Instability; Lucy Morgan's New Mother; Julia Walter's Village School; Current; The Story of Mabel Floss; Unwritten Music; The Soldier's Life; The Weight of Glory; The Death of a Friend; Life's Dreams; The Struggles of Freedom.

*Poetry.*—Invocation; Summer Evening; Lines; I am Weary; Holy Love; The Infant's Burial; Retrospection; My Castles; Night Winds; Who are the Great? The Sea of Life; Faith Whispers; Soul Longings; Sonnets to a Lady; The Outcast; A Song; Our Darling —; To Little Allie; Silence; Over the Mountains; Wait Awhile; The Parting Hour; Spring; Sabbath; Evening Meditation; — is an Angel now; A Dream; By and By; The Insane Asylum; Memories; Train up a Child; Imogen; To my Brother in the Army; Teachings of Autumn.

OUR SIDEBBOARD contains a few riddles for the exercise of the ingenuity of the young readers of the Repository. Who of all our friends among the boys and girls will send us solutions?

THE APPEAL TO THE PATRIOTIC WOMEN, in our last, has not fallen upon barren soil. We are glad to receive some right cheering responses. Now is a time when patriotic women may render a noble service to their country. One says: "The very first thing I did after reading your appeal, was to inquire after the families of volunteers in our neighborhood. A large number

of us have joined together to pay their rent so far as is necessary, and also to supply them with victuals and clothing." That is noble. Who of our readers will go and do likewise?

**CONCERNING CANT.**—The expression objected to in the following note was probably used by our correspondent without much reflection as to its somewhat severe bearing. We certainly should have erased it had it not been forgotten at the moment we handed the article to the printer. We insert the note, though, as a defense, it is weakened by undue severity:

I have long been an admirer of your magazine, for the classic taste of its contents, the purity of its morals, and the free, high tone of its religion; but on reading an article from the pen of J. D. Bell in your last, it seems to me that a strange incongruity has crept into its columns.

"Cant," says that writer, "is a sort of speech. It is a species of shabby mouthing. In its strictest sense, it embraces a series of sounds continually and hypercritically repeated for the sake of effect. Dryden calls it a whining pretension to goodness in affected terms."

And again: "All modes of utterance designed for effect, which obviously do not take hold of the soul of him from whom they come, may properly be said to belong to cant. The Quaker's style of expression is (I) cant. His *thee's* and *thou's* are parts of a routine of affected quaintness, and though beneath his broad-brimmed hat he may have many kindly qualities, yet his formal manner of speech certainly embraces a whining pretension to goodness."

Against this sweeping denunciation of this people, among all the divisions of the world's religion, I would enter my respectful but decided protest. I can not conceive an excuse for asserting that *any* branch of the Christian Church are "whining pretenders to goodness." He may be ignorant and never have seen a Quaker in his life, but I can find nothing to justify the wanton imputation. It would seem as if the bigotry of past ages, that has so long smoldered in the genial sunlight of Christian charity, had burst forth in a lambent flame from the dark recesses of a single heart. He may have been misinformed with regard to the character of the "Society of Friends," and supposed that they belonged to a despised class, whom it was a merit to pelt with contumely—still it is wrong, and not right. In admitting the possibility of "many kindly qualities" beneath a broad-brimmed hat, he is virtually making this the exception and not the rule. That there are hypocrites among the Quakers is not denied, but that there are more among them than any other sect is not true. Distinguished from the world around them by "plainness of speech, deportment, and apparel," they have won a reputation for honesty, integrity, and hospitality, that needs no defense. We look for counterfeits on the best of banks, but the "genuine Quaker" only carries his religion with him into every-day life. His formal manner of speech is no "shabby mouthing," but lays hold of his soul as the language of Jesus and the apostles, from whose example the custom instituted by haughty English kings has no power to absolve him. He refuses to adopt the heathen names of months and days in preference to the simple numerals of Holy Writ. He stands apart from the world for conscience' sake, and his style of expression is endeared by being tried by his ancestors in the furnace of affliction, in prison, on the gallows, and at the stake.

If this style "embraces in its strictest sense a series of sounds continually and hypercritically repeated for the sake of effect," why is it that we employ it only in prayer? Judge not.

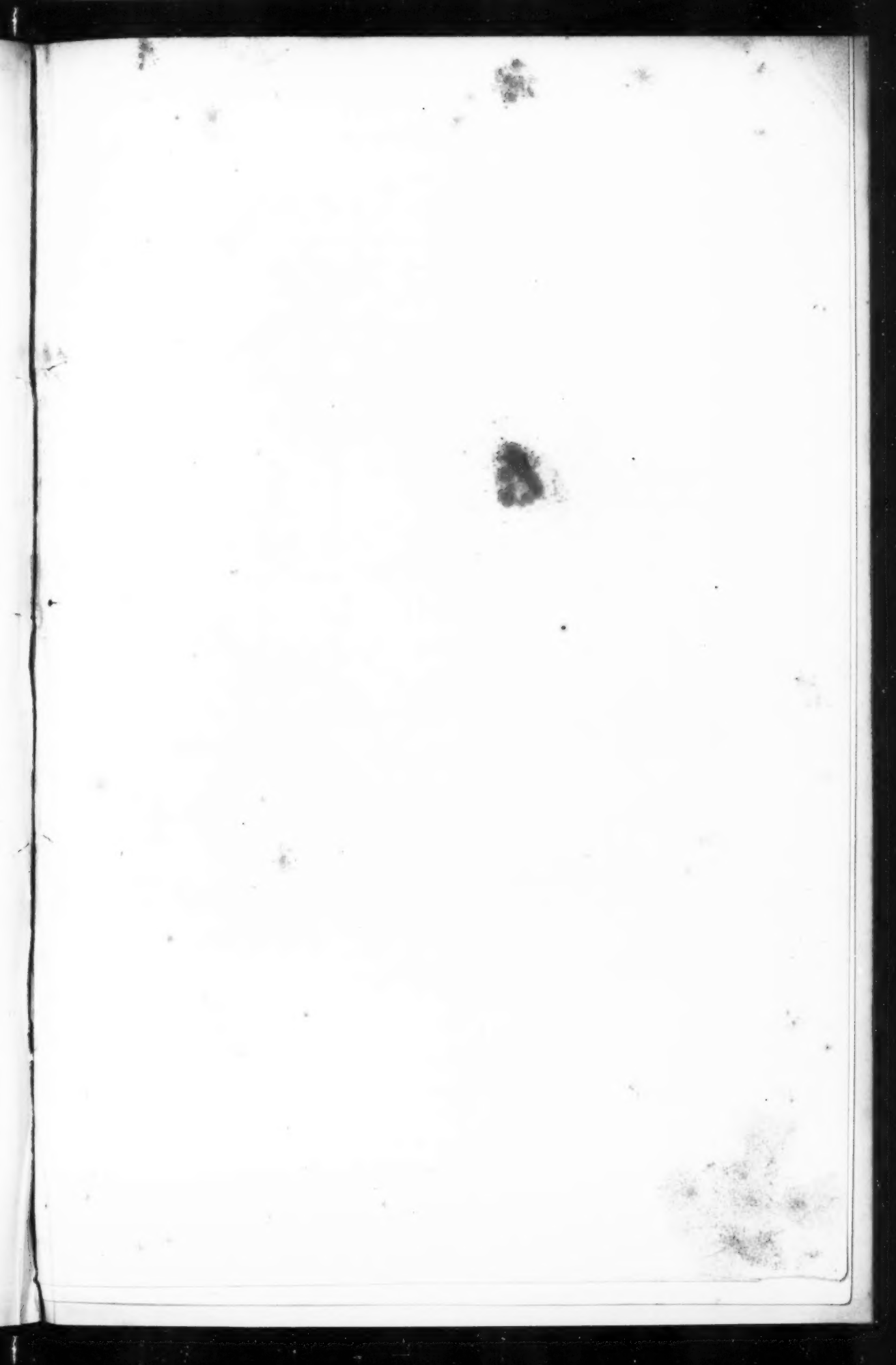
"Whittier, whose big swelling heart  
Strains the straight-breasted drab of his Quaker apart,"

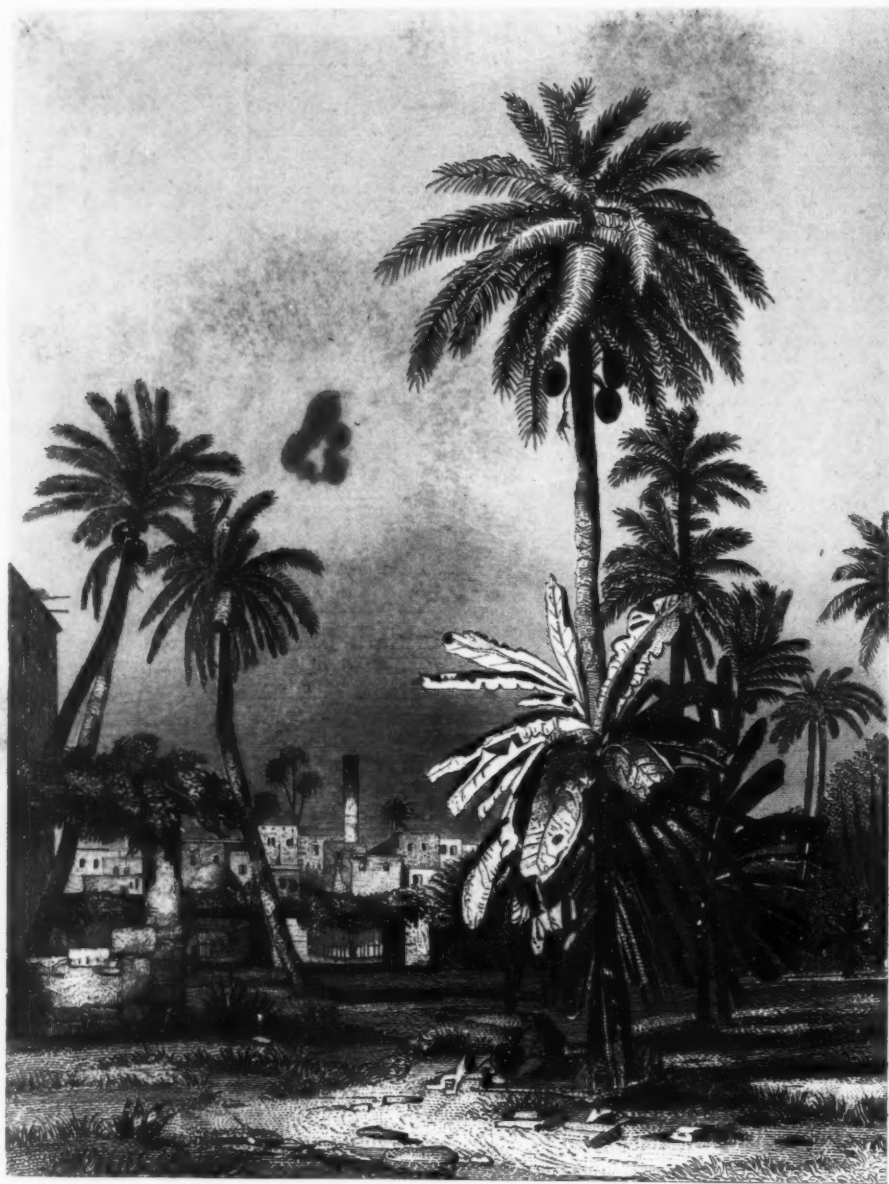
says:

"I dare not chide the dervish whirl,  
The Brahmin's chant, the Lama's spell.  
God sees the heart—devotion's pearl  
May sanctify the shell;"

and so say I.

J. VAN LAW.





THE COCONA PALM









SUSPENSE